

# THE FIELD AFAR



A WAYSIDE SHRINE—KOREA

MARYKNOLL N.Y.

MARCH - 1924

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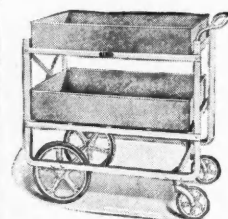
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Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

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## IN EASTERN ASIA.

**T**HE first band of Maryknoll priests left for China in September, 1918, and were assigned to a field in Kwangtung. Since then, others, including Brothers and Sisters, have gone from Maryknoll every year. Today, Maryknollers count on the field forty-two—twenty priests, four Brothers, and eighteen Sisters—with missions in Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Korea. The center of communication and of supplies for the various missions in China is the Maryknoll Mission Procure, 19 Chatham Road, Kowloon, Hongkong. The central house of the Sisters in China is the Maryknoll Convent, 40 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hongkong.

Communications for Korea may be addressed to the Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, Catholic Mission, Tenshudo, Gishu, North Heianto, Korea.

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## CONTENTS.

<i>Through Junk to Joy</i> .....	67
<i>Impressions of Newest Missioners</i> .....	70
<i>More Mission Letters</i> .....	73
<i>Editorials</i> .....	78
<i>Our Brothers' Place in Foreign Missions</i> .....	80
<i>Hilltop Breezes</i> .....	83
<i>A Page from Korea</i> .....	87
<i>A Missioner's Dream (Story)</i> .....	90

THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XVIII, No. 3. Published the first of every month, except August, at Maryknoll, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.00 a year, in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized November 21, 1921.

## A "K" WORTH WHILE

¶Korea is about the size of the State of Kansas. American Protestant missionaries are numerous and active there. The Catholic Church has, until recently, been represented by a handful of priests from various European countries.

## AMERICAN PRIESTS

have now been assigned a mission in Korea. You, as an American Catholic, will wish to know about the establishment and progress of the Catholic Church in Korea, and of the martyrdom of missionaries there as late as 1866. Then read the Maryknoll Book—

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**FIELD AFAR OFFICE, MARYKNOLL**

THE PAGE ABOVE GIVES THE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.



## Through Junk to Joy.



THE YEUNGKONG JUNK FUK TAI (AT THE RIGHT).

*Recently it foundered; and on that trip had there been accommodation, a precious group of Maryknoll Sisters with a very precious Maryknoll priest would have closed their earthly career.*

THE Junk! You will never know it till you sleep on one. Remember that there are three classes on our Yeungkong Junks. The first class provides an unfurnished, windowless pantry into which you may walk erect. The second class gives you a dog kennel. The third class is under the deck, reached by a trapdoor, and furnished with a series of plank beds. We have learned that the Mother General of the Maryknoll Sisters together with some of her flock and a young lay woman from the City of Churches, has broken our records and traveled in third. Sister Paul, Superioress at Hongkong, writes:

We—and that includes myself—are in Yeungkong with Mother and Agnes.

The junk trip was a revelation to Mother, and really it could not, as far as quarters were concerned, have been much worse. We dropped down the black hole to the women's quarters, where there was a shelf divided into boxes, each intended for one. There were so many of us that we had to fit two into a box, one up and the other down. Fortunately, the weather was good and we could crawl out of the box during the day and climb a ladder to the roof, where we sat on the palm leaves used for raincoats. Climbing

is easy for us who have had opportunities to practice scaling junk ladders and dropping into sampans, but Mother was out of practice. She did well and the way she "took to" everything made us feel less distressed for having nothing better to offer our Mother General. In fact, we were quite fortunate in securing even the accommodations we had, because Sun's soldiers had commandeered the junk, and all other boats were afraid to venture out of Kongmoon waters. Sun's flag floated over us and soldiers were everywhere, watching what we ate and keeping track of the amount. Then they would go up to Fr. Ford and ask what we had instead of rice. But everyone was kind—and curious.

We had two nights of life on the shelf and we were fearful that there might be a third, because it was after sunset, just in the after-glow, that we entered the Yeungkong harbor. It was growing dark—and night comes down quickly and most black—when our junk stopped at the end of its journey. The soldiers were staying on board in order to go up to the city in daylight, and, although only three hours separated us from home, we were fearful that the same fate awaited us. However, sampans came out at the toot of the junk's horn or whistle, whatever it is, and we saw a real bed ahead of us.

We were somewhat doubtful about what might come out to the junk in addition to the sampans, because we had understood that the "enemy's army"—Ghan Kwing Ming's—was occupying Yeungkong. But this was wrong, for as we learned next day, Sun's army is still in power here.

The sampan held us all, after we dropped down the black stairway and out into the boat, and soon we were poling up the Yeungkong River under the most beautiful starry sky that I have had time to look at for some years. We appreciated the fresh air, and the three hours' poling past the shadowy banks was restful.

It was after eleven o'clock when we landed, and the city gates were closed; but at Father's request they were opened, and surprised looking soldiers saw a strange army, eleven strong, file in. There was no one expecting us at the convent; so we had to do some banging on the gate and some calling to our Chinese help before the bars were slid back and we were once more home.

Water is not on a junk, and, therefore, we had anticipated some here; but we weren't expected and there was none. Tea and cocoa came to our rescue—just before midnight. No one

G O D   L O V E S   A   W O R L D - W I D E   H E A R T .



ON THE HONGKONG BUND.

*Just here at the ferry slip, Maryknollers cross to Kowloon.*

had very much to say, because each one was too eager to turn in.

Of course, there was late rising for several days, until we got back to normal. Everything was going so well during the Sisters' absence that it took little time for them to fall back into place and now the mission is in full swing.

These have been happy weeks for me—happy with Mother and in the mission—and it has been sort of vacation too.

**YOU can help spread the Kingdom of God among men.**

**YOU can share in the merits of the missionaries.**

FROM KOWLOON CONVENT.

"WHEN Mother Came to Town" would be an appropriate title for the reception at Hongkong of the Mother Superior and her flock of Maryknoll Sisters. We have just caught the following items in the current log that is kept at an immaculate convent in Kowloon:

Mother is on the way here! Joy!

Some of the Sisters, with the Misses L—, called on a Chinese family. It is an old Catholic family with the loveliest children and a sweet mother. We

were interested in the little Chinese garden, fed by water from the Hongkong hillside, and in the drawings of one of the younger girls. It was late when we found our way to the ferry.

More of the Sisters visited at Sheung Shin Halt, the home of Lady H— T—. Her special hobby now is the raising of silkworms. The whole process, from the tiny worm feeding on the mulberry leaf, straight through as far as a pair of silk hose, was seen, and gave suggestions for mission industrial work—another dream. The party returned, laden with cocoons—dead and alive—and three goose eggs that would be sufficient for omelette for the family for more than one morning.

Mother's boat delayed a day, and fortunately for conditions here. It will not arrive before Monday.

A telegram from Mother, from Shanghai, came. How near we felt! Nine were in the party and we were certain of the identity of seven only. Who, then, were the other two? Guesses were many and varied.

Permanent (?) places were assigned to our present family of twelve, and every bit of space was utilized. We did some mathematics in order to give

every one of our "twenty-one-to-be" a bit of furniture. Some got a bed, others a cot; some a chair, others a drawer in a dresser, or a shelf in a cupboard. Then we had to plan well just where to put each one's bit of furniture. Fortunately the basement is large, and surplus garments could be stored in trunks.

*The day!* St. Teresa's feast will have a special significance for us in China after the events of October 15, 1923. There was Missa Cantata, celebrated by Fr. Ford, and later a feast day breakfast to which no one paid attention. The boat was due at two in the afternoon, but a telephone call at ten told us that it would arrive in an hour. Another scurry! Just as some were leaving for the boat, word came that it would not dock until one. "What are we to do with the dinner—to have it or not to have it?" This was a question that was answered differently every five minutes, much to Gussie's disgust. Just as we decided for the "nth" time not to have it, the boat was sighted in the harbor, and then nobody wanted to do anything but to run. And a few did! Some, a lucky six, went to the boat, which docked with tantalizingly slow speed, while handkerchiefs waved, and feet had to be kept in place by force. But at last came the greeting!

The arrival at Number 40 was real Maryknolly—you can imagine it. And we know Mother was just as happy to be with us as we were to welcome her. There was Benediction and the Te Deum, and we were truly grateful; after this everyone talked at once; no one knew what she was saying, and neither did anyone care.

Yesterday seemed too good to be true and we feared to find it all a dream, but Mother was there in the chapel and in the refectory. Mission pictures, not "movies," were taken on the lawn.

The Misses L— called; also Mrs. I—. Rosary devotions in our own chapel, and it could hold very few more.

A visit to the French Convent, where an armless woman wrote *Tin Che po you* with her toes, for Mother.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS SHARE IN MARYKNOLL MERITS

A trip to Nazareth and Bethany, at Pokfulum, gave great pleasure to Mother and the new arrivals, who saw for the first time the view of the beautiful harbor of Hongkong. And again, a visit to this haven of rest for worn-out missionaries of the Missions Etrangères is always an inspiration.

Mother announced at breakfast that this was to be a quiet day for her, but she had not yet left the table when the first caller arrived. From that time until five in the afternoon, she had not a moment. She saw the Irish Fathers on their way to Hanyang, our Bishop, our missionaries, and the late afternoon brought Dr. M.

A Chinese supper was served, chopsticks taking the place of forks, and Mother considered the combination of *min* and chopsticks unfair, because her time was limited. She, with Sisters P. and M., was leaving for Canton on the night boat, and it was after eight before the three crossed to Hongkong.

#### FROM CARDINAL GASPARRI.

It is my good fortune, dear Father, and great privilege to thank you in the name of His Holiness for the book which you recently sent, the *Life of Rev. Thomas Frederick Price*.

His Holiness is highly honored at the thought of your great kindness and blesses you and your work with the Apostolic Benediction.

I also wish to profit by this occasion to express my sincere sentiments of esteem.

I am, dear Father,

Most affectionately yours in Our Lord,

✠ Peter Cardinal Gasparri.

#### FROM CARDINAL VAN ROSSUM.

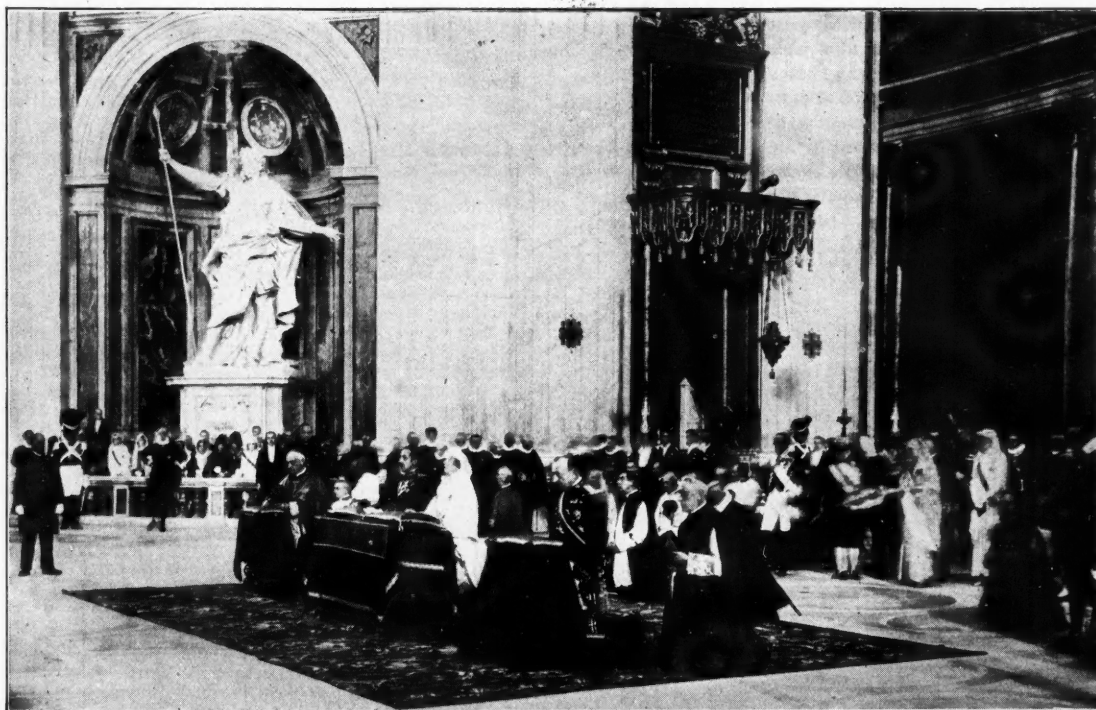
I was really satisfied and thankful to receive the *Life of Father Price*. I always had the idea that Father Price possessed more than ordinary virtue, but in reading

your excellent book, I see that his life was full of heroic actions and that he belongs to the class of men, very rare indeed, who work not for their own satisfaction, but only for the supernatural ideal of which, by the grace of God, they have fully understood the eminent and transcendental value. Father Price was content not to see the result of his work.

This book will be an excellent guide for the members of your society and so will be verified the word: *Defunctus adhuc loquitur* (though dead he speaketh). Father Price continues the work he took up in cooperating in the foundation of Maryknoll.

I bless this work and I pray Jesus and Mary to inspire all its readers to imitate Father Price in his sincere love of God and of the Blessed Virgin, and not less in his love for souls and foreign missions.

✠ William Cardinal Van Rossum.



A RECENT SCENE IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.  
*The Spanish sovereigns praying before the tomb of the Apostles.*

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION PRODUCES THIS PAPER, YOUR GIFT BUILDS MARYKNOLL.

## Impressions of Our Newest Missioners.

### BEFORE SAILING.

WHEN Fr. Gleason, the youngest of Maryknoll's missioners, was on his way to the front, he slipped out at San Francisco where, by chance, he found himself a guest at a Chinese chow. Of this experience, he writes:

The banquet was given by Dr. Chew as an expression of gratitude for the recovery of his wife. The two American doctors who waved the magic wand, as well as their wives, and the two white nurses, were the guests of honor. The tables were arranged in the hall of the Chinatown Catholic Mission—as Dr. Chew is a good Catholic. The spread was excellent. The guests, Chinese and American, young and old, numbered one hundred forty souls. The Doctor himself treated us to a selection on the Chinese harp—a thing that looked like a xylophone, only it had strings and was played with two bamboo twigs. He was accompanied by a Chinese violin. The piece was encored. There was also more music and recitals, as we dined. Between the acts the clergy and doctors present were invited by the toastmaster, Fr. Bradley, the missioner of Chinatown, to speak. Fr. Gleason, among others, said a few words. One of the features of the evening was a real college yell by the schoolboys.

### FROM FR. LANE.

LIVE dogs are beginning to scent the Maryknoll trail across the Pacific. The latest we have heard of is "Patsy" which Fr. Lane thus mentions in his diary:

Patsy, the airedale, was quiet enough, but we were wondering if he would be so when we tried to take him aboard. At the dock a friend made good use of a long cloak, and got him by the gang-plank and also below as soon as our cabin was pointed out. Patsy loves company, however, and is sociable like his future master, and when alone in the cabin he set up an airedale funeral song. Fortunately, in the hustle and bustle incidental to leaving, no one heard him, and we got off safely.

(Two days later)

Patsy is incorrigible—yelping now

and then like a Comanche Indian. We handed him over to our cabin boy with his fodder, and from now on to Yokohama he will travel steerage, "just because he wouldn't keep his mouth shut."

In this diary of the Seventh Group, Frs. Lane and Morris have recorded further items—



FATHER O'REILLY, O.S.A., AND HIS SPIRITUAL SON, FATHER LANE.

among others, these touching on their trip across:

All the waiters are Chinese—the cabin boys and cooks—in fact, everybody except the officers, crew, and, of course, some of the passengers. All the steerage passengers are Chinese. They number about six hundred. We have seen a few above deck. Their quarters must be like a touch of Yeungkong when the Knollers first landed there.

We like the Chinese boys. They are bright, cheerful, have a fine sense of humor, and seem to know just what you want. Our party is divided on the matter of mission work, and already there have been several arguments on the relative merits of the Chinese and Koreans. Fr. Lane arouses the ire of Fr. Morris by telling him that he ought to go on foreign missions first for a little real work before tackling Korea.

We made 393 miles yesterday, in spite of a very rough sea and strong wind foretelling us. At this moment we are some 1,200 miles from the U. S. A. and the dear old country gets more important with every mile.

We paid a visit to the quarters of the crew below to see Patsy. He was tickled to death at our visit and turned three somersaults to prove it. Perhaps Fr. Byrne won't be pleased when he glimpses the reincarnation of "Woof."

Fr. Lane had a long talk today with a representative of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. M. has been located for the last seven years at Hongkong, but before that was "missioner" for the company in Kwangsi, and knows Pingnam and Wuchow very well. Life was peaceful in Pingnam in those days. Mr. M. said that his company would always be glad to render us service when needed, and Fr. Lane took occasion to express appreciation of the company's action in the case of Fr. Hodgins. (Its boat fetched our dying missioner from Yeungkong).

This afternoon we had a social call from the Rev. Mr. H., Episcopalian minister. Various questions were discussed. Mr. H. is an admirer of our parochial schools.

Fr. Morris had the cabin littered with photo material, for he is going to try some developing. From the look on his face it seems as though his head is hurting him as he tries to solve the intricacies of photography. For a time he was running around like a mad man, looking for one of his trays, until he realized that he had sent it below with Patsy, as his dinner service. Down he went to crew's quarters and rescued the tray—at the same time advising Patsy's chambermaid to secure a bowl from the ship's galley when the cook wasn't looking.

After dinner this evening, we were surprised to find five young members of a Chinese family around the piano on the promenade deck, all singing lustily "When Frances Dances with Me." It sounded particularly odd when one realized what a fine impression they are going to make on the folks back in Cathay, with their conventional notions on such matters.

Our party met and conversed, this evening, with two very fine Japanese gentlemen—one an electrical engineer and the other secretary of the Municipal Electric Bureau of Tokyo. The latter is very much interested in the Christian history of Japan, and knew the Nagasaki story very well. Both are returning to help in the rebuilding of Tokyo.

We have community exercises morning and evening, and the Maryknoll prayers bind us to the Center. We can't emphasize too strongly the effect of this realization that we are reciting the same invocations to Our Maker as all other Maryknoll communities. It is a bond that makes for unity and

START YOUR MISSION WORK NOW BY



strength—and one needs more strength the farther one gets from the source of supply—for our dynamo is the Knoll with its spirit and its inspiration.

One of our traveling companions is Captain Robert Dollar, one of the greatest ship owners in the United States. He is eighty-one years of age and is making a journey around the world, with his wife, who is over seventy, to establish a round-the-world line of boats. He is a great old sailor and hasn't missed a meal—or anything else going on aboard. The Captain is an example to missionaries who might find their work monotonous after a time. He bespeaks enthusiasm and activity and should live to a hundred, barring accidents.

We have been greatly pleased at the attitude of many of the men aboard regarding the Japanese. We even noticed this on the coast before sailing. Whether the change is due to the earthquake or is a gradual tendency to see the light and forget prejudice, is hard to tell. One thing is certain: there is a change, and a considerable one, on this question. We have been very agreeably impressed with the Japanese whom we have met, and find them likable and very approachable. Nor are they so intent on Japan and nothing else as their enemies would claim. Of course, we have not yet seen Japan; but we have sensed the sentiment.

#### BRO. MICHAEL WRITES.

**T**he world grows small. Bro. Michael, a Maryknoll Auxiliary, who is now at our Hongkong Procure, buried alive in office details, says as much. Shortly after his arrival he wrote to his Superior:

We had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a representative of the Whiting Machine Works, Whitinsville, Mass., who has resided in China for the past five years. He was extremely kind to us, taking us all over the city in his machine, which he again placed at our disposal the next day. He is a Catholic and has met many missionaries.

Since coming here I have been attending October Devotions every evening at the Church of the Holy Rosary, which, as you know, is close by. Last Sunday Fr. Fletcher preached at nine-thirty Mass there. Fr. Spada, the pastor, is a most gentle and kindly priest, and very enthusiastic about Maryknoll.

In Canton we visited the School of the Holy Spirit, in charge of the Canadian Sisters, and saw there many little foundlings—one of the Sisters told us she had baptized nine thousand of these little ones. The older girls are very skillful with the needle, in making vestments and in doing embroidery. Before taking leave, we visited the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, just outside the school—Sister told us Fr. Price used to kneel there for hours at a time. He was in my thoughts while I knelt there.

We next went to the little Chinese Church of St. Ann, in charge of Fr. Sorin. He greeted us very warmly, and we were spellbound when Fr. Ford told us this venerable priest has been in China for fifty years.

Mr. Lo and Mr. Tsu, of Shanghai, treated us with great kindness, and we were all interested and very much edified at the wonderful work they are doing for the cause of Christ, in China. We met their sons also. Before taking leave, the whole company repaired to the chapel and chanted the "Salve Regina," which the Chinese sang quite lustily.

I have started to work in the office and also begun the study of Chinese, under the direction of Fr. O'Shea's

#### A PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

has these advantages:—

1. **Spiritual Affiliation**—including a share in the Masses, prayers, and sacrifices of those connected with Maryknoll.
2. **Life Subscription to The Field Afar.**

professor—two hours every day. Frs. Fletcher and O'Melia are on the way to their respective missions this week, and, with the other priests leaving for theirs at the same time, I expect to settle down to real work and study.

#### FR. O'MELIA'S IMPRESSIONS.

**FR. O'MELIA**, our first Philadelphian assigned to China, makes known impressions in a letter to the Knoll. He writes:

We are here at last, after the perils of the sea, healthier and happier even than when we left the Knoll. We are actually on the ground, soon to gather up our belongings again and go a step farther—that is, if any junks will only start for somewhere.

Frs. Ford, Meyer, O'Shea, Dietz, and Cairns, also Bro. Albert, were on



THE HONGKONG MARKET.  
No shortage of bananas here.

A DAILY PRAYER FOR MISSIONS AND MISSIONERS.

the dock to greet us, trying hard not to look excited. All the Sisters, even those from Yeungkong, were there, making sincere efforts to keep their dignity as we came within earshot. We hope we didn't shock anybody by our racket.

Within a short time, all our baggage was piled up on the pier by the coolies Fr. O'Shea had hired, and, a little later, it was carted by the same coolies, under the generalship of Fr. O'Shea's language teacher, to the houses—the convent and the Procure.

The altar in the Sisters' chapel, the back reaching to the ceiling, was all hand carved by Bro. Albert. Over the tabernacle is a dove, as at home. Just a little touch, but it carries one back in a flash over the thousands of miles that we have traveled.

The Sisters are standing the life well. No one expects to put on weight out here, and, if one wears out a bit, what difference does it make? As far as I can see, most of the Sisters seem to be about the same as when they left the Knoll.

You will be pleased to hear that the boxes we (i. e., the procurator and Bro. Ryan) shipped, arrived the day after we did. They were brought up from the wharf immediately, so that, within twenty-four hours after our arrival, our boxes were in the Procure basement.

#### A FITTING MEMORIAL.

Five hundred dollars will secure, in our new Seminary, a memorial room for you or yours.

A memorial room is surely a blessed idea, especially when it will be devoted to the use of successive aspirant apostles for generations to come. We ask for such a room five hundred dollars, which will include an inscription on the door.

There will be only a few classrooms in the new Maryknoll Seminary and we hope that all will be taken as Memorials. Would one appeal to any Catholic Alumni or Alumnae?

#### TIDBITS.

I congratulate you on publishing a magazine that is missed when it stops coming.—*Michigan*.

Space will not permit me to express my true opinion and appreciation of THE FIELD AFAR.—*Pennsylvania*.

I enjoy reading THE FIELD AFAR very much, and miss it if I think it is twenty-four hours behind time.—*Massachusetts*.

THE FIELD AFAR is always welcome to us seminarians. I hope Fr. Byrne will continue to contribute his "Korean Impressions."—*Montreal, P. Q.*

THE FIELD AFAR arrived last week. It is delightfully entertaining. I can truthfully say I shall wait eagerly for it every month.—*California*.

I am sending \$2 to renew my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for one year. I noticed the appeal for more than the subscription price.—*New York City*.

There are no strings attached to this gift so long as I receive your delightful paper, THE FIELD AFAR. I look forward to its coming with a great deal of pleasure.—*Oregon*.

A young American Marist missionary, Fr. E. A. Tremblay, who found his vocation through influences which brought forth Maryknoll, gives, in the following lines, a fine example of the apostolic spirit:

In Tonga, Oceania, as elsewhere in the world-wide mission field of Christ, THE FIELD AFAR has become, as it were, like a ray of God's sunshine, thrilling the missionary's heart with all that the beautiful word "Maryknoll" stands for.

Please find enclosed \$2—one for your last book, *In the Homes of Martyrs*, and another for the poorest Maryknoll-in-China missionary.

You may be surprised at this. Yet, still greater would be your wonder if you knew the poverty of the new mission center in western Tonga, which God has given your little Merrimac boy of years ago, to found. But God's ways are not our ways, and surely He will bless this tiny "widow's mite," because it is given for His kingdom abroad, so that He may reign the more in this tiny nook of His field afar in Tonga.

Will you be so kind, dear Father, as to recommend our small mission to your seminarians?

#### AN APPRECIATION.

BY FR. CAIRNS.

AS ideal a place for retreat as can be found in Eastern Asia, is the hinder-side of the rock known as Hongkong. And there, years ago, the Paris Foreign Missions built two splendid structures to serve the purpose of retreat house and a sanatorium, respectively. Fr. Cairns alludes to Nazareth, the retreat house, in the letter that follows:

The House of Nazareth is beautifully situated, overlooking the ocean with many islands, with the sampans, steamers, and ocean liners passing to and fro. Just now the sun is shining upon a great number of Chinese sails, and the picture would be an ideal subject for an artist's brush. I was telling Fr. Monnier today, when talking about health, that I have a very bad attack of consumption, consumption of food; and I can never sleep at night until my head touches the pillow. My poor appetite has gone back on me because I have just finished dinner.

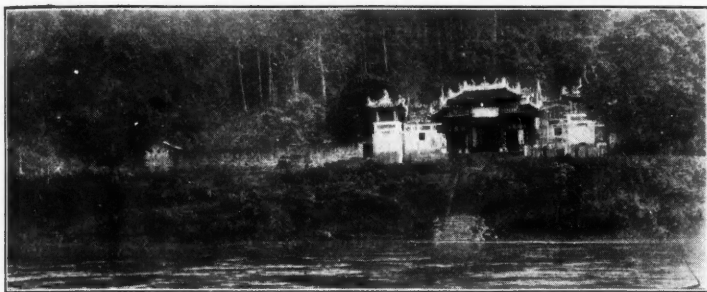
The one part of life that I enjoy here is the saying of the Divine Office in common. All of these priests—grand old men who have seen twenty, thirty, and forty years of service on the missions of China, Japan, Korea, India, and other places—sit in their stalls, facing one another in the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and recite aloud their prayers for their missions, for their confrères and laborers for Christ, and for the whole Catholic world. The example of these holy men is enough to make any young missionary's blood tingle, and inspire him to go forward in the work of soul-saving.

We get up at five, go to the chapel for a short prayer before meditation, and the fourteen of us (all bearded except myself) say Mass simultaneously at a quarter before six. Breakfast is at half-past six and I am at my desk ready for a good day's work before seven.

As it is so close to the water, I go down occasionally for a swim, and that is what I am going to do right now; so please excuse me.

ALL ARE NOT CALLED, BUT ALL CAN

## More Mission Letters.



TEMPLE AT TAI TAAN RAPIDS.  
*Where dwells the deity-guide of travelers.*

THE FIELD AFAR has reported little from the mission in Kwangsi Province, China, because in that over-disturbed territory the story has been a succession of bandit thrills and abused natives—conditions that left no room for spiritual development. Our two Maryknollers in Pingnam, Frs. Wiseman and Murray, doggedly held the fort, marking time in the hope of an opening for their priestly zeal.

A recent letter from Fr. Wiseman points to a glimmer of dawn. He writes:

My diary for St. Patrick's Day records the weather as being damp and cold. Mr. Parrish, of Socony, called, en route to Nanning. With him was a Mr. Phillips, a "Holy Roller." Judging from the rotundity of said Rev. Phillips, he is quite fitted for his job.

An event was my trip to a few of the villages of our district.

My first stop was at a village reached after a two-hours' journey. The Christians, twenty in number, turned out strong. The special work on the program was to get the *status animarum*. The Protestants have done their best to get these Chinese, but they cannot seem to get a foothold in the village. The people will not listen to them. This does not mean, however, that they are strong in their Catholicity. Unfortunately, these villagers are of a vacillating type. They will come to the mission for the big feasts and will always be on hand for night prayers and Mass when the Father visits them, but,

on the big pagan feasts, they join the pagans in their superstitions. Few of them, however, have been well instructed.

I left for Tai Yung the following day. Two Christians accompanied me. They insisted that we stop at "White Mountain." The very name brought back pleasant memories of the bishop and priests of the White Mountain State at home, who were so kind to me while I was on propaganda in the New Hampshire district.

How can I describe the place? As we approached it, we saw nothing but a huge rock, probably two hundred feet square and one hundred fifty feet high. Outwardly, there was nothing wonderful about it, and a traveler would probably pass without noticing it. At the entrance was the headquarters for guards. Cards were presented, tea drunk, and we were permitted to proceed. There was a narrow road, just wide enough for one person, which led to the top of the rock. On climbing up, I looked down and saw a great cave below; and I soon realized that this huge rock, so unpretentious on the exterior, was well worth exploring. The view from the top was fine. In front of us, we could make out Tai Yung, our objective that day, and beyond Tai Yung rose the bandit-infested mountains. Looking toward the south, we could see the West River, six miles away, and to the east lay our Pingnam.

As we descended, we visited a few of the several caves hollowed out by the trickling water. In each cave was

an altar and the statue of a god. As I looked around, I could not help thinking how natural it was to see an altar in such a place. Nature, we might say, had built its own cathedral in this huge rock. The walls of the cave were quite high and the vaulted ceiling gave a very churchlike appearance. However, a pagan god was the object of adoration and I learned that on the big feasts, pagans for miles around come here to practice their superstitions. I also found out that in time of trouble, the people flock to this spot for protection. It is surely a stronghold and a safe place. We drank tea with the care-taker of the temple, bowed ourselves out, and proceeded on our way to Tai Yung.

It was about an hour and a half trip to Tai Yung, and it gave me ample time to puzzle over the situation in the village just left. I came to the conclusion that it may not be altogether the fault of the people if they are half or three-quarters pagan. They are new Christians and not well instructed. This, along with the fact that they are but a fifteen-minute walk from the pagan shrine at "White Mountain," may be a reason why they still practice their superstitions from time to time. It did not take long to realize the necessity of having a catechist, but then the difficulty presented itself: where are we to find a catechist? Such individuals are at a premium here in Kwangsi. We have tried to get a few from Canton, but the Cantonese do not look upon Kwangsi as a healthy resort, and they refused to come. Two we did have returned home after one storm subsided. Kwangsi itself is void of these all-important personages. I decided that I would go to Nanning and ask Bishop Ducoeur for one of his seminarians.

Fr. Murray and I spent a few days in discussing the conditions I discovered on my recent mission trip. We thought it best to go immediately to consult Bishop Ducoeur. The next boat to Nanning would find us on it. In the midst of our preparations, however, the generals around here were planning other moves.

PRAY FOR VOCATIONS TO THE MISSIONS.

Firing began here that night, but nothing serious happened. The next morning it started in earnest. Our house was hit seven times, and one bullet, of the explosive type, landed in my room and struck the wall close to my bed. A "splinter" from it hit the head of my bed.

A wounded soldier was brought in for treatment. He died the following day. Fr. Murray baptized him.

June 29. While you at home were celebrating your twelfth birthday, Fr. Murray and I were trying to save Pingnam from being burned. General Chan had sent word to the Chamber of Commerce that he would burn the town if Lu attacked him again. His soldiers did burn part of Pak Ma before they retreated; so the outlook was not very bright for Pingnam. Three members of the Chamber of Commerce called on us and asked for a letter to General Lu saying that Chan might vacate in a few days and asking Lu not to attack. We agreed to give the letter, and, encouraged by this, the delegates asked us to accompany them to Lu's headquarters at Kook Tong. This also we agreed to do.

To reach Kook Tong required a journey of about two hours. On arriving at Lu's yamen, we presented cards and were led through narrow passages which wound in and out. The place was pitch dark. The conference hall was a large room lighted by a few very small windows. I might add here that our party consisted of three members of the Chamber of Commerce, two representatives of General Chan, Fr. Murray, and myself. Lu received us cordially and thanked us for coming. I told him Fr. Murray and I had come only on behalf of the people of Pingnam, the innocent sufferers in all these troubles. I asked him to do all in his power not to have the town burned, and to instruct his soldiers not to cause any trouble should they be victorious. He assured us that no harm would come to Pingnam from his men, and added, "We are all Pingnam men and do not want to destroy our own town." Lu, however, insisted on the fact that Chan would have to get out and gave him until nine the following

night. If he hadn't left by that time, Lu would attack.

On our return to Pingnam, we visited Chan. I noticed that all his men were armed, which, of course, was a breach of etiquette. Chan stormed a while and said he would not get out. More talk followed, and we left. On our way back to the house, the President of the Chamber of Commerce told us that Chan would go. He did. He left quietly that night at nine o'clock, and, the following morning, bright and early, Lu's soldiers took possession of the town.

Fr. Murray and I started for Nanning on July 17. Half way up the river, something happened to one of the engines on the boat and we were marooned for two days and a half. We arrived in Nanning on July 24. Bishop Ducoeur had gone to Tongking on business, but was expected back any day. We waited for two weeks and Fr. Murray decided to return to Pingnam. I remained in Nanning to see the Bishop.

The day after he returned, I explained our difficulties to him, and he assured me he would do all in his power to help us. The matter of the seminarian was discussed, and, to my great joy, he said he would let us have one. I told the Bishop about the obstacles confronting us at Pingnam, and regretted I could not give him a report which showed progress. He merely smiled and said, "You have been there two years and have accomplished nothing. We were there twenty years, —and what did we do?"

On my return from Nanning, we went to Hongkong for our retreat. A few days after this was over, I started back to Pingnam, but instead of going via Wuchow, I went via Tongking. I was anxious to see the work being done in Annam and I am glad I went. The missions in Tongking are an inspiration. The Church has certainly made giant strides there. In Hanoi, we saw the gate through which Blessed Théophane Vénard passed on his way to martyrdom. Unfortunately, we could not visit the exact spot where he was beheaded, as they told us the river

had changed its course and the place of martyrdom is out in deep water.

In Langson, we met Fr. Cothonay, O.P. His vicariate is rather poor if one compares it with those of Haiphong and Hanoi. He told us one reason was that there are not as many Annamese as Chinese in his vicariate, and the Chinese are harder to convert. The latter are proud and lack many of the fine traits one finds in the character of the Annamese.

I had another conference with Bishop Ducoeur and he told me the seminarian was ready to go to Pingnam with me. We left for home a few days later and immediately started making preparations for the grand opening of our catechist school. We don't like to "toot our own horn," but I don't think it out of the way to add that Pingnam is the ONLY Maryknoll Mission which has a Catechist Normal School with a native seminarian at its head. We are putting our catechists-to-be through a regular course. Besides studying the doctrinal books, they also have a course in teaching the catechism, which is most important, as it is one thing to know the doctrine and quite another to teach it.

Between our schools and catechists, we hope to have a good quality Christian. Of course, much is dependent on the condition that we have a little peace. So it is *après la pluie le beau temps*. After two years of darkness and discouragement, we are beginning to see the rainbow in the sky. Watch Pingnam grow!

It will be Christmas before this letter reaches you. Let me take this opportunity to wish you all at the Home Knoll a holy and happy Christmas. Fr. Murray joins me in these greetings. All we ask is that you say a prayer before the Crib and ask the Christ Child to bless our catechist school, which is in existence merely that His Kingdom may be spread and His Name be known and loved by these people.

**A Maryknoll Annuity produces a higher revenue than the Savings Bank gives—and avoids will breaking.**



MANY close friends of our work inquire about the opportunities provided on the field for the development of a missionary's spiritual life. In the course of a private letter received, not long ago, at Maryknoll from one of her missionary sons, there is a paragraph which will interest such kindly inquirers:

During the past year Father and I have practiced in common as many spiritual exercises as time and circumstances allowed, and I feel that we have been blessed for it. It is not easy to write or explain just what trials and interior difficulties we encounter here, but I have learned, and quickly, too, that we need all the strength possible to keep afloat and eyes upwards. There is no question in my mind but that the first year is of infinite value to the new missionary, and, whether he be

conscious of it or not, the succeeding years will be largely of that mold which he chooses to form during his first months in this strange land; and not only this, he has the power of helping the older missionary to whom he is sent.

We need not be long here to realize very forcibly how utterly dependent we are on the Lord for whatever good is accomplished. This is true everywhere, of course, but I believe we receive more reminders of it in this pagan land than we would in a Christian country.

#### The Tungchen Report.

WE always did like to look over the spiritual returns of Catholic missions and to note what can be done by God's grace—and some human cooperation. But it is more than pleasant to see such

reports prepared by our young American missionaries. The latest to strike our desk is from the Tungchen Mission where Fr. Dietz was in charge last year. It reads as follows:

Christians	650
Catechumens	700
Baptisms	63
Confirmations	103
Confessions	2,530
Holy Communions	2,876
Marriages	8
Deaths	14

These results show a slight advance over last year's, except in the important item of "baptisms," of which there were about twenty-five more the previous year. However, owing to the fact that the second trip of the year has been postponed till after the Feast of the Assumption—whereas it is generally made before—the results of that trip, which rightly belong to this year, will have to carry over into the next.



MARYKNOLL PIONEERS IN CHINA.

Fr. Francis X. Ford.

Fr. William F. O'Shea.

Fr. Bernard F. Meyer.

ARE IN YOUR POWER TO GIVE, WITH CERTAIN RESULTS.

It will mean nearly eighty baptisms, and this would bring up our total for the year to about one hundred forty, almost twice the number registered last year.

But even at that the progress seems too slight. The reason for this does not lie with the Chinese, because I have over seven hundred catechumens who are waiting for instruction; and that number might, with a little missionary effort, be raised to one or even to two thousand. The difficulty lies in the peculiar condition of these people. They are widely scattered, as a rule, and are extremely poor. I know many of them whose daily food amounts to fasting, when times are hard, as they usually are. They eat rice gruel about nine in the morning, and rice with a little bit of vegetables in the evening—and that day in and day out. To request such people to devote several hours a day to study is to require them to further reduce their daily fare. Moreover, people who work all day are tired at night and cannot really be expected to devote their short evenings to study.

As I see it, we absolutely need catechumenates, by which I understand certain centers where catechumens are boarded for a month or two while they learn the doctrine, where they have the advantage of daily Mass and sermons, and where they learn the customs and practices of Christian life. This would not require much more capital than the present system of hiring catechists the year round, and the results would, I believe, be more rapid. Without catechumenates it would take about five years to get our seven hundred catechumens instructed, and, meanwhile, others who are willing to join the Church would have to await their turn.

**Do you keep Catholic missionaries in your prayers? They all need special graces.**

**The simplest method of sending money to Maryknoll missionaries is through the Maryknoll Treasurer, whose address is Maryknoll, New York.**

**If you see a dozen houses in China, one is a school. If you see a hundred dozen schools, one is a Catholic school. Help us increase the proportion—\$500 will build a school.**

**T**HE life of a missionary is usually "a round about affair" which means that he keeps a-go: g.

Fr. Dietz, in a recent issue of *THE FIELD AFAR*, carried our readers with him on one of his tours, leaving us all at the half-way stop. He now concludes his interesting items:

*Chanlung* market today. Patched up a family quarrel and pray that it will stay so. After the usual Mass, Communion, and sermon of the morning, I went to look over a plot of ground that we are contemplating buying, for some day there will be a missionary living here. The site is ideal and can be had for about \$400, but the preliminaries are difficult because the land belongs to about ten families.

*Lukhautung*. A new place for us. It is an unusually large village and includes some twenty Protestants. I was welcomed with firecrackers, and someone wanted to make an address. There were no confessions, as there are no baptized Christians as yet, but I blessed the house in which I stayed, said Mass, and preached two sermons. Next morning I baptized, at his urgent request, the patriarch of the family. He was dying of what seemed to me typhoid fever. I hear he has since improved.

*Tungngon*. Another big market town. The chapel, which was bought by the Christians years ago, is falling to pieces. It should be repaired and a catechist stationed here. There was one adult baptism after Mass.

*Wongts'uenp'oh*. I finally straightened out a marriage that has been waiting for years. The bride being a pagan, very much afraid of the foreigner and priest, managed to be visiting mother every time the priest appeared. Exhortation proved useless. Now for the last few months a woman catechist has been here; this girl has been studying the prayers and doc-

trine; and the ceremony took place without difficulty. It is an instance of the valuable assistance of a woman catechist. Next morning I baptized the baby of the couple whose marriage was validated. The catechistess has done fine work, having taught the prayers also to half a dozen little girls. Unfortunately, these girls were, in their infancy, engaged to pagans.

*Kauuktei*. Another consoling Christian settlement. Fine faith is here—many confessions and Communion. The flock has grown too large for the various mud shacks and is contemplating an addition. I promised these Christians some help, since they deserve it. They remained faithful in the face of persecution in the old days, as a result of which they are desperately poor.

*Tungyautung*. This village is improving. One of our Christians here is a pharmacist and was cutting up various roots and leaves when I arrived. I sat gossiping with him and watched him work. He seemed to have about one hundred fifty varieties of herbs, roots, shells, and bugs, including centipedes and scorpions—all of which the Chinese use for medicine. He showed me the skin of a snake killed in the neighborhood—it was a foot in width—also otter skins. There was a collection of turtles caught in a neighboring brook, and one was prepared for my supper. These Christians are eager for a woman catechist. A clean, manly lad here I should like to send to the Seminary, but he is "engaged." This almost universal custom of engaging young children is a nuisance in many ways.

*Tonghaung*. There is an old Christian here, who has the faith of a child. Some years ago, while he was praying during a severe windstorm, the house caved in. His people thought he was killed and started wailing. When, after a while, he called to them to cease

HAVE YOU ORDERED "MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS?"



THE OUTLOOK FOR FATHER.

The "kids" welcome him part way down the road.

their lamentations and get him out, they thought it was his ghost. This man has suffered much from apostate relatives, but he never complains.

I baptized a woman and two of her children; also another woman. A young man who has been rather careless in the practice of his religion, despite the admonitions of his father, lost his wife by death a month ago. He is now contrite and regards his bereavement as a punishment from heaven. His chief source of grief, however, seems to be the hundred-odd dollars that his wife cost him. "It's hard," he moans. "How can a poor fellow like me manage to scrape up another hundred?"

*Naamshaantung.* Our largest Christian settlement. The people are kind and really glad to see the priest; the "kids" welcome him part-way down the road. Nearly forty confessions here. The women are all instructed, which is unusual.

A hired farmhand who has been studying faithfully for over a year was ready for baptism. I quizzed him in public for the benefit of all. He was baptized after Mass, together with a baby girl that a man had bought to be the future bride of one of his sons. The poor do this for economy's sake. A grown girl costs from one hundred dollars up, whereas an infant like this can be secured for twenty or thirty dollars. Raising the future bride in the home of the bridegroom is strongly discouraged and discountenanced by the Church, but it cannot always be avoided, and, *post factum*, there is little one can do.

Four boys wished to be admitted to First Holy Communion. Examination showed one was not ready—three were.

*Feiyeungf'eng.* This station was opened a year ago and a catechist supplied. The people were eager for baptism, and examination showed them to be surprisingly well instructed. I complied. Nineteen in all received the sacrament. The catechist will remain here a few months longer to prepare them for confession and First Holy Communion.

*Leungtung*—new and of little promise. I said Mass and delivered two sermons; also became acquainted with many pagan neighbors, and something may come of this in the future. One of them almost took my breath away by remarking to me: "Three-star brandy a pretty good drink, eh?" I asked him how he knew (for we live in the backwoods here). He replied: "Oh, I have been to Singapore." All the emigrants from this section who sally forth to make their fortune go to Singapore. As I bade this genius good night, about half past eight, he said to me, "Oh, foreigners don't go to bed so early. It's generally eleven, twelve, one o'clock before they turn in." I had to admit he was a shrewd observer.

Several thousand soldiers are passing through this region these days. They are impressing men right and left to carry their baggage, and people are lying low.

There is a rumor current that the sun will be darkened for ten days beginning with the fifteenth of the eighth month, and everyone is scared.

*Tait'ong.* The mission here consists of a family of four souls, the mother being stone blind. She is the only one instructed, but the children have promised to study with us.

Returning to Tungchen, I found that Bro. John had come back from retreat in Hongkong, refreshed and ready to take up again the work of the dispensary. Upon repairing to Kochow for confession, I met Fr. Taggart, who has been appointed to replace Fr. Sweeney at Tungchen. We went home together

#### WANTED: A TEACHER!

The Protestant catechist in a Maryknoll mission has written in Chinese English, to one of ours who, as we remember, plays the organ with a crank—if at all:

I beg to say that I fell rather lonely during my summer vacation. I think I better learn to play organ, as I am so fond of it, and its songs please so much. But I could not get anyone to teach me. Would you be kind enough to take the trouble to teach me? If you will, I am no doubt I will be very happy.

Yours truly,  
SHAW SUN CHAN.

Mission work is the opposite of church defense. Each has its place and both cooperate to extend the Kingdom of Christ.



WHERE THE TRAIL WINDS.

THE MISSIONERS' HOME IS WITH CHRIST—IN ANY LAND.

## THE FIELD AFAR

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority  
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly  
(except August).

Owned by the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.  
Advertising rates sent on application.

Make all checks and money orders  
payable to J. A. Walsh, Treas., Maryknoll, N. Y.

Single subscription, .....\$1.00 a year  
(ten or more copies to one address,  
at the rate of eighty cents a year.)

Six years' subscription.....\$5.00  
Subscription for life.....\$50.00

(Membership in the Society is included  
with all subscriptions.)

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

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**L**ENT is here. Many of us are under the impression that fasting and abstinence are for somebody else, and not for ourselves. Perhaps! But some sacrifice is expected of every practicing Catholic. "What shall I do to prove my love for the Crucified?" is a noble question, worthy of a fine answer.

**I**T will surprise some of our readers to know that in China there are more than eight hundred listed periodical publications. Most of these are daily newspapers printed in the language of the country.

The Catholic missionary of today and tomorrow must take into account the power of the press if he would be all to all.

**H**AVE you read *Dominus Vobiscum* by Monsignor Kelly of Church Extension? It is intended primarily for seminarians who are nearing the goal of the priesthood, but much that is in it will interest and edify our readers, especially priest-friends. Monsignor Kelly is an example of the busy man who can always find time to do something more.

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The Field Afar is the Dollar-a-Year Mission Magazine.

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**C**HRIST'S seamless garment, so many in the pagan world, appears as tattered as a tramp's coat. Catholicity builds solidly in new fields, but the sects, likewise, are perpetuating division.

The better sects in Protestantism must be convinced that their duty is to seek unity. We, on our part, longingly hope that those astray will return to the Mother's bosom. What achievements we could expect in world evangelization if all Christians were one!

**N**OTE this seventeenth of March wail. For ten Marches we have been calling on the clients of St. Patrick to push his Burse over the top into the completed list.

At present it stands within \$1,150 of its finish as a \$5,000 Burse. St. Patrick is worthy of a \$6,000 Burse, but we shall be quite content if we can inscribe his precious name on either completed list.

Those of us Maryknollers who owe our faith to the great Apostle, are quite humiliated over the failure. We mean it.

**T**HE sooner we get the right kind of young man in the Orient on to the path that leads to the priesthood, the sooner we shall have a native priesthood and a native hierarchy.

In our Maryknoll-in-China mission, it has been difficult to find suitable subjects in newly-evangelized districts. In Korea, our present opportunity to find worthy candidates is excellent. Fr. Byrne has his best eye on several. He says that \$150 a year will keep one at the Seminary in Seoul, for a year; and that \$1,500 will provide for one, in perpetuity. A Korean Burse is what Fr. Byrne would have.

**K**IND words for Maryknoll publications have come recently from the Vatican and from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda at Rome. The small

volume—*Father Price*—has occasioned these precious tributes.

And by the way, many friends have expressed the hope that some day a more complete biography of this apostolic priest shall be issued. All at Maryknoll would like nothing better, but Father Price's life covered much more than the experiences of his seven last years and Maryknoll must look elsewhere for material covering the earlier and longer period. If any reader can supply some of this, we shall be grateful.

**I**N constructing a program of education, China has taken direction from the United States, or rather from some educational leaders in our country. The direction has been, not only to scientific method, to practical curricula, and to training by activities, but also according to the theory that the school is the only educative influence in the community, and, ought, therefore, to be subject to the detailed control of the government. China hopes that the government school will develop the complete moral character of her people.

We trust, however, that the teachers of new China will hear, among a thousand other voices, those of President Coolidge and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler calling for a new evaluation wherein the home and religion will be recognized as dominant factors in the educative growth of the child.

**E**UROPEAN civilization is moving over the Far East, as, centuries ago, it swept over the new world of the Americas. But there has been a change in the method and aim of the movement. Commercial prosperity and social betterment are the active ideals of the growing internationalism of culture. States have no consciousness of an apostolic mission, no conviction of a public duty to transmit the heritage of faith in Christ.

European civilization without

ZEAL FOR THE EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM



Christianity will harm the Far East; it will endanger the world; it may lead men to eternal loss. The Church, then, unaided, must organize a missionary force that will present Christ as the necessary foundation in the upbuilding of a new culture. Nothing short of a missionary crusade will adequately meet the need.

How can such a force be acquired? How will it be supported and directed? Have you any plan to suggest?

☪ ☪

IT may strike you as surprising that with sixty thousand priests, Brothers, and Sisters in this country—whose upkeep, at the moderate rate of five hundred dollars a year, would amount to thirty million dollars—we still have eighty million non-Catholics, not to say non-Christians or pagans.

Add to this yearly offering of personnel and means, the value of Church property in this country, all invested to the advantage of over eighteen million Catholics here, and we find a strong argument for the support of the foreign fields.

There, our hundred million population swells to the billion mark in the number of souls to be saved. Toward this cause, we, last year, gave only a few million dollars—perhaps three—and a single score of missionaries.

We are not complaining of the expenditures at home. Nor do we underestimate the task to be performed right here at our door. The five thousand priestless churches in our own land cannot be lightly passed over, although many of these are so small as not to warrant the placing of a priest in their charge.

The Church in our own country must be maintained and extended. Our churches must be manned, our schools staffed. Only when there is question of any comparison between the expenditures for home and foreign mission needs, let us keep facts in mind and be reasonable as well as large visioned.

**ST. JOSEPH**, provider of the Holy Family, pray for us!

This is an ejaculation in the Maryknoll night prayers, and if our friends would think to add it to their own devotions, for the remainder of the month, asking that it be applied to Maryknoll's worldwide needs, we shall be grateful.



SAINT JOSEPH.

Photograph of a statue at Maryknoll.

THE Chinese working class in America may pass unnoticed by the bulk of us. But let us turn a minute to them and acknowledge their industriousness. H. F. McNair, writing in the recent survey volume of China, quotes approximations of the money these little men from the East send back home.

The American Vice Consul at Amoy reported, in 1918, that \$12,000,000 gold enters his port alone, every year, from Chinese abroad. Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, estimated, in 1901, that in a little over thirty years, they exported from our shores over \$400,000,000 in United States currency. In eastern Canada the small shopmen are said to lay aside an average of \$200 each, a twelvemonth. There are about 65,000 Chinese workers in the United States and over 25,000 in Canada.

Many Chinese abroad go back with a strong desire to be philanthropists in their home land. A Mr. Tan Kah-kee recently provided \$4,000,000 to build a university in Fokien. Though it is said that home folks usually look with suspicion on travelers, affluence will make any Chinese who returns a marked man in his native town. If you see an opening to offer Christianity to your Chinese friend, step into the breach.

Note that we have not been speaking of the Chinese students who, in the United States, number about 1,500. Beyond all question, each of these is worth individual attention. Many may return to China and be good for nothing; but others will be China's great men of the future.

A poor Chinese peddler, converted at the age of sixty, was the instrument of winning more than a thousand pagans to Christ. Stop and consider: more than a thousand souls owe their immortal happiness to this one catechist. If you cannot get on the firing line, you can at least furnish the sinews of war. One hundred eighty dollars a year, or fifteen dollars a month, will sustain your substitute, and you will share in his service.

IS THE FRUIT OF AWAKENED INTEREST IN MISSIONS.

## Our Brothers' Place in Foreign Missions.

WE have received a report of the year's work at St. Louis Industrial School, Hongkong, which our Bro. Albert has been directing. Here are some interesting items:

Boys cared for during the year 98

Boys baptized 22

Positions secured 19

Subjects studied:

CHINESE—history, geography, character writing, and literature.

ENGLISH—penmanship, spelling, reading, arithmetic.

MANUAL TRAINING—carpentry and wood-carving.

Cost of operation for the year, which includes the board and education of the boys, about \$13,000.

The government gives a small subsidy to the School, and we aim through the industrial arts to make it self-supporting. This cannot be effected immediately, however.

Conditions for Admittance:

The boy must be an orphan, or a half-orphan, or have been abandoned by both parents.

The report is encouraging, and Auxiliary Brothers still at the home base are asking interested questions about the School, which they should like to consider one



BROTHER JAMES, A.F.M.

*With his face set toward the Golden Gate.*

of their special works.

We have been fortunate in vocations for the Auxiliary Brotherhood, now a group of some forty young men. There is not much room at Maryknoll this year for considerable addition to their ranks, but we will always do our best to push over and make room for the right kind.

Undoubtedly, there is many a Catholic young man in the world today, heartily weary of his condition, whose daily thought, in spite of himself, is turned to material gains.

"What is the use of it all?" quite naturally asks the clean young man to whom the marriage state does not appeal. Why not get under cover of the sanctuary and do something for souls?

This opportunity lies in the Maryknoll Auxiliary Brotherhood, and young men who do not feel called to the priesthood or are starting late, yet who wish to follow Christ, will find a means of perfection for themselves and a chance to help souls.



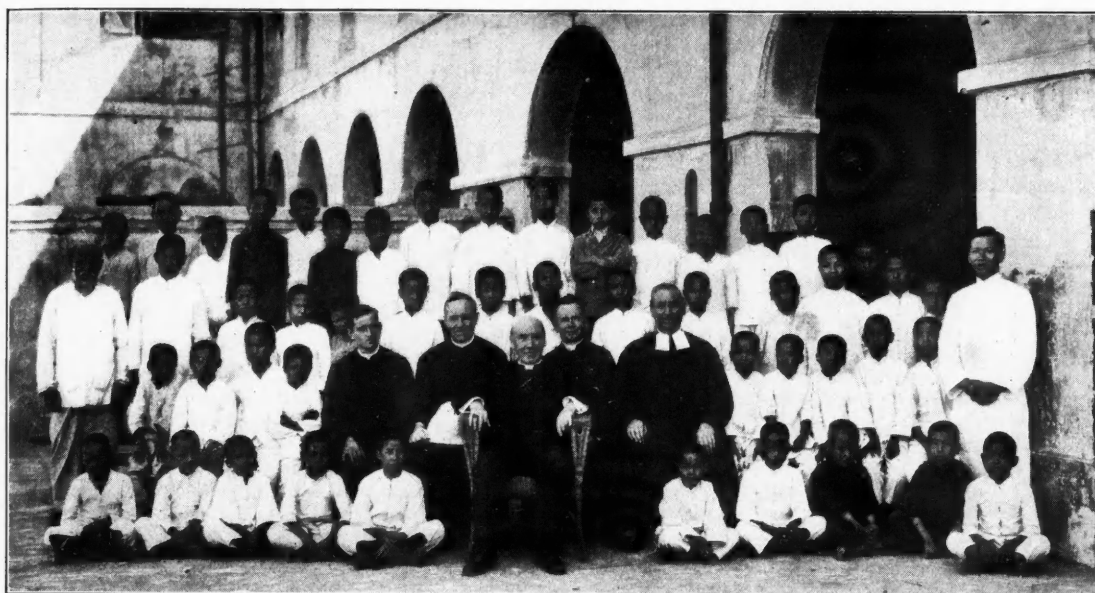
BROTHERS RECENTLY INVESTED WITH THE CASSOCK.

*Brother Benedict.*

*Brother Jerome.*

*Brother Bernard.*

CAN YOU GET BETTER VALUE FOR A SOLITARY DOLLAR



WHEN BISHOP MACGINLEY VISITED HONGKONG.

*This photograph was taken at the St. Louis Industrial School, which is under Maryknoll direction with Bro. Albert as chief instructor.*

Where and what will an Auxiliary Brother's work be? It may be at home here, or it may be in the missions; but, wherever it is, his labors will be just so many contributions to the cause of the foreign missions. Already four Auxiliaries are laboring in the Maryknoll field, in charge of medical dispensaries and mission temporalities. There is still much need there for the right kind of men, and calls are coming for printers (makers of engraving plates, half-tones, etc.), gardeners, building supervisors, carpenters, electricians, shoemakers, machinists, bookkeepers, stenographers, and teachers of English. Then, some will be needed as nurses, or as companions to priests, watching and directing the missions during the absence of the pastor.

We feel now that the time is ripe for encouraging and advancing the work of the Auxiliary Brothers of St. Michael, and that, under the guiding hand of Providence, this branch of the Mary-

knoll activities will attract an ever growing number of young men, who through their assistance and prayers will reap for God an abundant harvest of souls.

Requirements for admittance to the Auxiliary Brotherhood are: a recommendation from some priest, preferably from the pastor of the applicant; a certificate of good health from a physician; willingness to devote one's life to whatever occupation may be assigned, in order to help, in such ways as superiors judge best, the great work of bringing the souls of heathen peoples to the knowledge and love of God; aptitude for or experience in some useful employment.

There is place in the Auxiliary Brotherhood for almost any kind of trained service.

If you are interested, write to the V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.

**An Apostles' Aid Card suggests spiritual help to be applied to mission needs.**

**"LET** us work together for the salvation of souls! We have but the one day of this life to save them, and so give to Our Lord a proof of our love. Tomorrow will be eternity; then Jesus will reward you a hundred-fold for the sweet joys you have given up for Him. He knows the extent of your sacrifice. He knows that the sufferings of those you hold dear increase your own; but He has suffered this same martyrdom for our salvation. He, too, left His Mother; He beheld that sinless Virgin standing at the foot of the Cross, her heart pierced through with a sword of sorrow, and I hope He will console your own dear mother. I beg Him most earnestly to do so."

*(From a letter of the Little Flower to her adopted Brother Missioner.)*

THAN A YEAR-FULL OF FIELD AFARS COMING TO YOUR HOME?

### New Bedford in Loting.

**S**TEADILY and strongly grows the mission of Loting under its first pastor, Fr. McShane, of Rockford diocese, and its curate, Fr. Toomey, of New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Fr. Toomey's diary was "held up" on the way, but has not suffered by the experience. He writes:

Sun. out again at last. The tail end of the recent typhoon did much more damage than was first reported. From a near-by village situated on our Three Dragon River, comes the news that several houses were demolished and many people drowned.

The usual mid-vacation faculty meeting was held with Fr. McShane and Mr. Wong, the head master making up the necessary quorum of this august council, since as members "that's all there is; there isn't any more." It is certainly "a caution" and not a little amusing to observe the manner in which the sagacious Wong presents his complaints with next term's budget. Besides assuring the Father that he will soon have the best school in Loting and the one with the largest attendance, he also takes advantage of the occasion—as he does of every opportunity—to remind "Shan Fu" (the Spiritual Father) again that Saint Joseph's School already possesses a principal "than which there is none such."

But an additional teacher should be engaged to elevate the standard of the school as well as to increase the payroll. Whenever said Wong thus approaches the subject of finance, he is ever wont to become eloquent if not

rhetorical. What he will not promise during these optimistic outbursts leaves nothing to be desired. To hear his plans one would be led to suspect that he thought all the Father had to do was to go to a cave in the yard, slide back the secret panel, and gather in from a mountain of silver all the twenty-cent pieces he wanted. With the coin of the realm tighter than ever, Mr. Wong continues to be the victim of many a disappointment. Refusals such as these do not, however, in the least mar his viewpoint of life, for he has met with so many of them that he is beginning to think with us, that this is merely a chronic state of our narrow cosmos.

The open season for mountain bandits and river pirates prompted a delegation of local merchants to call on Fr. McShane in the hope of procuring a machine gun. Since this was clearly another case of mistaken identity, the committeemen returned to their shops with the confirmed assurance that the "T'in Chue T'ong" (the Catholic Church) is no arsenal.

A great racket awakened us early this morning, but as noises of all sorts are beginning to lose some of their nerve destroying effects, little attention was paid to the turmoil. Merely another one of these innumerable festivals, we thought. But when machine gun bullets began whizzing through the air perilously close to our compound, much more interest was elicited on our part. Our constant query, "What's all the shooting for?" remained unanswered for a long time. Even when flames and clouds of black smoke rose above the East Gate, we still continued to be ignorant of what it was all about.

Finally, we did learn that two local factions were fighting for the political supremacy of Loting. Inside the walled city, with the aid of some of Loting's best citizens, the old bandit chief, in possession as mandarin since last June, was trying to hold off a recently-appointed military commander. On the latter's side were some of Loting's next best denizens. After an all-day bombardment, the ex-bandit chief finally relinquished all claim to the office of mandarin and fled over the hills.

More details of yesterday's battle were learned this morning when the language teacher came to resume classes. Yesterday he could not leave his home because of the proximity of the fighting. Even this morning he experienced difficulty as soldiers were patrolling the district of yesterday's disorder. Protestations on the teacher's part were of no avail. However, on showing a rosary, in proof of his being a Catholic, he was allowed to pass.

According to Doctor Dickson, the Protestant medico, both sides suffered no less than two hundred mortalities. All of these must have been almost immediate, since the doctor treated only about a dozen casualties in his hospital. Although the American flag was flying from the Protestant school during the trouble, a group of soldiers took possession of the building and would not let even Doctor Dickson enter. This property suffered considerable damage from the shells, but the doctor is confident of being reimbursed. Even should the entire price of repairs be forthcoming "much face has been lost," which means that not only is the prestige of the Protestants on the wane, but that of America also.



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF LOTING.

*Architecturally, the dominating pagoda is a lesson to the town councils that supply standpipes to American towns.*

I F Y O U C A N N O T B E A M I S S I O N E R



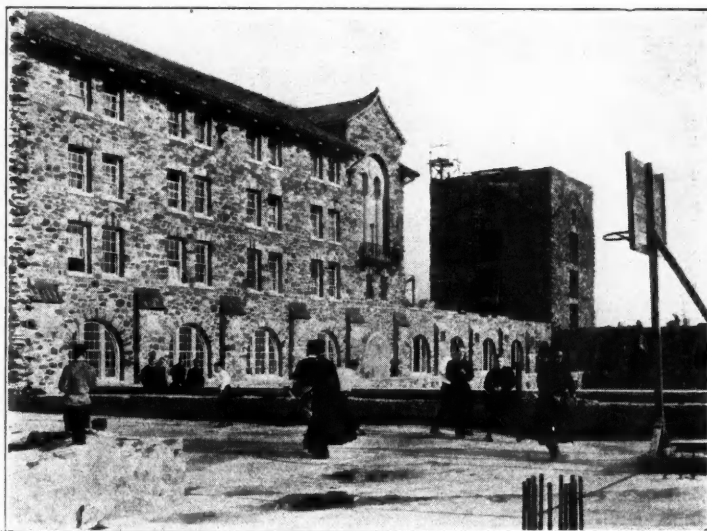
### Hilltop Breezes.

MARCH is the month of lambs and lions and hares to some; but to us hill-dwellers it means that the winter is moving along and we are keeping pace with its stride. We are not standing still, nor are we going backwards; so we must be progressing—and we are, thank God.

Our subscription list is gradually mounting the scale, and while we are yet only a little above the do, re, mi stage, we find that, for the most part, our old subscribers like to stay with us, and we enjoy their company, also their *et ceteras*. Today, THE FIELD AFAR is making its voice heard in most States of the Union, as well as in Canada and overseas. We are happy in the great number of subscribers we have, but we wonder often if all of your friends know us yet? If you make it a point to pass your FIELD AFAR to just one other, is it not possible that the knowledge of Maryknoll and its works will bring us more than double the number of subscriptions we have secured in the past seventeen years, since THE FIELD AFAR first opened its lips?

March is the month of the gentle Saint Joseph. We who are often anxious, not to say worried, about material needs have constantly felt the help of St. Joseph in our difficulties here. We owe much to "the provider of the Holy Family."

Probably one of the biggest worries St. Joseph has helped to lighten has been that of our building program. Since last September, we have been making necessary additions to what we thought was a sufficiently permanent section. The proposed tower, which you have seen in print, is not only on paper now, but is considerably up in the air, as were we. It is not yet completed, but we hope, with each blow of the chisel and trowel, to be rid of stone men by next September—for a time, at least. The work has



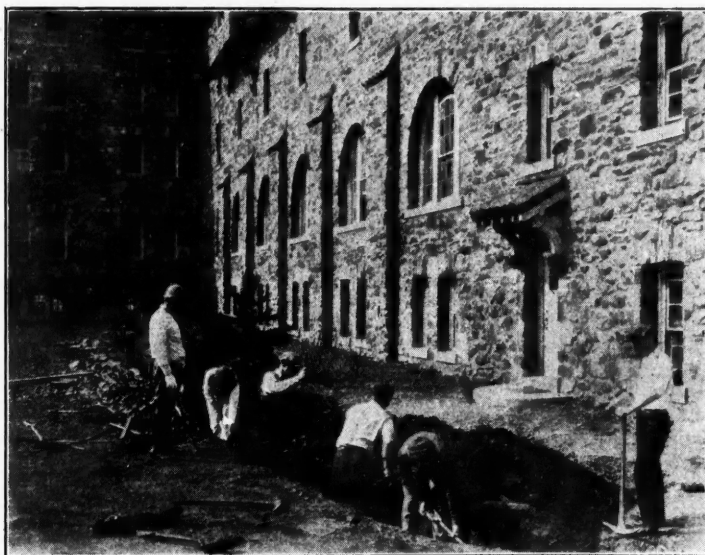
A BASKET BALL GAME ON AN UNFINISHED PORTION OF THE SEMINARY.

gone on slowly, creeping at times, and again almost standing still. It is better so, for the slower it goes the less danger there is of our being obliged to throw a bomb into our friends' pockets.

St. Joseph has been helping us

through, somehow, and Providence always sends us "a friend indeed."

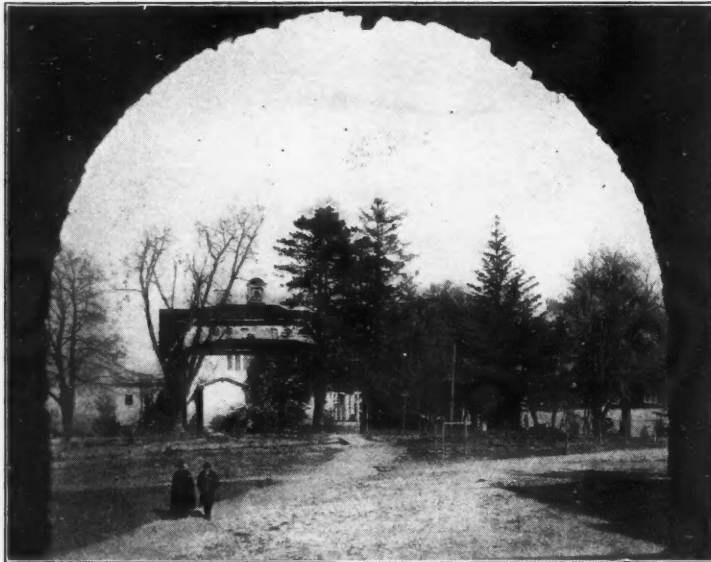
On a still unfinished portion of the building, the students have erected baskets, and, with snow and ice cleared away, a basket



THE DITCH AND ITS DIGGERS.

*Manual labor is considered, for several reasons, an important feature in seminary life at Maryknoll.*

BACK SOMEONE WHO CAN AND WILL.



THROUGH A CLOISTER ARCH.

*Looking toward Rosary House, the present home of our professed Sisters.*

ball game is on at the slightest opportunity.

The outdoor exercise is good, and those who cannot partake of the game stand by and cheer on the victors lustily. Soon, however, we hope to have finished a combination gymnasium and recreation room, so that in poor weather the game may go on as well.

In the meantime, the lack is met by manual labor. If there is one part of the day to which each student at Maryknoll looks forward, it is the manual labor period. As somewhat of an extension to the after-dinner recreation period, the various groups fare forth—"one to his farm and another to his merchandise"—dressed up in their worst. And their worst is not worsted. The members of our community make no vow of poverty, but this does not prevent them from bearing its marks. Visitors who arrive just after the summons for manual labor cannot understand how we can "afford" to hire so many men. Their disguise is, evidently, perfect. We are just as well pleased

at these times, however, that no inspector of an asylum for the feeble-minded has occasion to pass this way. An ordinary com-

#### TO ASPIRANT STUDENTS

It is not too early in the year for Students who think of entering either the Maryknoll Preparatory College or its Major Seminary, to make application. A prospectus will be sent to any one interested.

bination is to see a little five-foot-nothing in some portly pastor's abandoned frock coat, or a six-foot Idaho farmer clad in overalls which look more like a child's romper. Clothes do not make the mechanic, though, and many a true carpenter's heart labors under a moth-eaten swallowtail.

Seriously, manual labor hour is a great factor, since it makes it possible to conduct Maryknoll with a minimum of hired help, and, at the same time, enables the seminarians to acquire varied accomplishments that may prove very useful in later life. Further, avocations have been brought to light, which might have remained forever hidden had we no manual



IN THE "CHAPEL" FOR A SOLEMN OCCASION.

*Ultimately this will be a Conference Hall, but, at present, rough and rugged as it is, its privilege is to house within its four walls the Holy of Holies and the Lord of the World.*

PASS THIS FIELD AFAR TO SOME NEW FRIEND

labor period; and we have discovered such valuable men as electricians, machinists, carpenters, painters, woodsmen, road-makers, not to mention the innumerable variety of tinkers. However, a place is found for all, and no one need be idle while there are plenty of wheelbarrows and shovels.

It is something of a step to go from manual labor to our chapel, but that is what is done at Maryknoll when work is finished; so we might as well do the same thing.

Well, we are still in the temporary chapel which, when the building is completed, will be a conference hall. To visitors, the present oratory, unfinished as it is, is a rugged place, but to aspiring missionaries it is noble, and good looking, just the same. It is still unplastered and unfloored, and the reinforced girders overhead are still uncovered, but with heat and light there is no reason to complain.

The pews are arranged in choir formation and hold very comfortably the one hundred thirty men who gather in it several times a day. The sanctuary is somewhat more protected, with curtains surrounding the altar, since we are trying to make a "fit place for a King to dwell." Raised on a little platform stands the altar, beautiful in its simplicity, a gift to the first Seminary chapel. The symbols of evangelists occupy the four corners, and, in the center, is the Chi Rho, so familiar now to friends of Maryknoll. The tabernacle door is most artistically done in subdued colors and gold. On each side are pedestals of similar design.

In the rear of the chapel are three side altars, one, a martyr's shrine. Here, in the rear of the chapel, too, is ample room for the Sisters and for a goodly number of guests, on special occasions.

The life that animates the Seminary and all who are training there comes from the tabernacle, and, despite the rough, gray

stones, one knows that the Soul of Maryknoll is in this simple, unadorned House of God.



REV. FRANCIS LUCIDI, D.D., J.U.D.

We have had to depend, for some time, on the aid of outside professors for our Seminary faculty. We have been fortunate in those who were able to come to us, men of great learning and piety, whom we feel we can never fully repay; and while they help here, we increase our mission personnel. In addition to our faithful pastor from Brewster, and our Dominican Fathers, we have lately acquired a Roman priest, "to have and to hold" for at least some time to come. Let us present him at once, the Rev. Francis Lucidi, D.D., J.U.D., professor of Moral Theology and Canon Law.

Doctor Lucidi, former vice rector of the Pontifical Seminary founded by Pope Pius XI, first taught at Ripana where his subjects were Moral Theology, Canon Law, and Liturgy. Later, while studying at the Roman Seminary (Apollinari), he was assigned to the Church of St. Helena in Rome. At the completion of his course, he was appointed Doctor of Canon and Roman Law at the Roman Seminary and has been teaching there for the past four years.

Many priests in the United States were former students under Doctor Lucidi; among whom is Monsignor Marella, secretary of His Excellency, Archbishop Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, the Apostolic Delegate.

Last year showed a gratifying increase in *Stringless Gifts*, the kind that leaves us free to apply where the need is most urgent.

The fiscal year of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America closes February 1, and, by the time this issue reaches our readers, the yearly report will have been read to the Corporation. This is a long document and might interest bookkeepers, but we think too much of our readers to inflict them with it. Besides, we need the space so as to produce more figures next year. However, we intend to let our friends know how the Maryknoll junk has been sailing along in 1923.

This reference to a junk reminds us that we should ask our friends to join us in a prayer of thanksgiving.

The Yeungkong junk, known by the uneuphonious name of *Fuk Tai*, is no more—at least, it does not appear above the waters of the South China Sea where it was born and reared.

Recently it foundered, and on that trip had *there been accommodation*, a precious group of Maryknoll Sisters with a very precious Maryknoll priest would have closed their earthly career. There are no life preservers and no lifeboats in Yeungkong junks, but God watches over His own.

The Superior of Maryknoll and his companion, Fr. Kay, were once passengers on the *Fuk Tai*. Another boat, the *Loonsang*, on which the Superior sailed from Hongkong to Manila, in 1918, now lies at the bottom of the harbor in Hongkong, and the Superior, who cherishes no loving memories of the *Loonsang*, may yet see its funnel.

FOLLOW THE MISSIONER WITH YOUR PRAYERS.

## THE MARYKNOLL LIBRARY.

SO far as location is concerned, our library has reached the goal of its ambitions, a large, glass-roofed hall designed for the very particular and very important purpose of housing books. We have also a goodly number of volumes scattered through the Seminary or boxed and stored.

At present, however, four-fifths of the library space is a dormitory, and temporary wooden shelves in the last fifth bear complainingly our acquisitions.

Maryknoll's library must be equipped for priestly studies. Be-

has a special building of three floors and likewise a group of trained workers under the leadership of the holder of the Chair of Missions at Yale.

We can hardly contemplate such a library development. Maryknoll has come to stay, however. Examine the thickness of the Seminary walls and decide for yourself. We are building not for a generation but for centuries.

Maryknoll will not find itself alone among Catholic mission societies in this project. The Society of the Divine Word, at its Techny Mission House, is active in this

mission huts and mud churches. Intelligence and scholarship must be behind the movement. With this view of things missionary we can do well to watch Catholic England.

Successful missionary exhibits have been held recently in London and Birmingham.

## THE MARYKNOLL TOWER

has mounted to the water tank deck, and, before summer, an elevated reservoir within its walls will be serviceable. Could Catholic students, the country over, visit Maryknoll, they would gladly hasten the day when a bronze tablet affixed to its wall, would announce this splendid central feature of Maryknoll, as their gift. So may it be!

Six years ago when the first Maryknoll priests went to China, Loting had neither priest nor people, nor a stick nor a foot of land belonging to Catholics. Today it has two priests, and a "going" mission, while five Sisters are waiting anxiously at Hongkong for word that a home has been provided.

Land has been secured, but building is a slow process; and, even in China, a sanitary convent with enough land to keep it so will cost almost five thousand dollars.

If four members of your parish lived in Jersey City, two in Kingsbridge, three in Brooklyn, one in Yonkers, and all the other members of the parish were similarly scattered, doesn't it seem as if your pastor would be up against it? Fr. Dietz, at Tungchen, is fighting just such odds. A missionary in China recently remarked on how well instructed the Tungchen Christians are. Think what Fr. Dietz could accomplish if he had a good sized catechumenate where converts could be prepared for baptism and keep in touch with the life of the Church. Two thousand dollars will provide a catechumenate for forty catechumens and two teachers. Will this be your means of saving souls?



THROUGH THE GROVE TO THE HOME OF "THE FIELD AFAR."

sides, just as a medical school has its medical library or an engineering school its library on engineering, so Maryknoll should have a mission library. Such a library must be a storehouse of information for the training of missionaries; for research into mission problems; and for activities to speed the glad word of missions throughout the home land.

We know of a non-Catholic mission library which, at present, contains 22,000 bound volumes, has a highly-trained man as director, a zealous and capable woman as librarian, and other skilled help for the detail work of cataloguing. An endowed mission library at Yale University

direction to insure for its American members the high standard of scholarship found among its European missionaries. Last December, the *London Tablet* gave an interesting account of the opening, by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, of a mission library in London. This English establishment is at the union office building of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood, and the Catholic Women's Mission League, organizations brought closer to each other, two years ago, by England's missionary Cardinal.

A priest speaker, on this occasion, emphasized the idea that missionary work is not a mere begging enterprise to build a few

HAVE YOU READ OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT?



## A Page From Korea.



NEVER busier in a yet short but full life, Fr. Byrne, our Patrick Number One in Korea, has had little time to continue his fine diary. But the Sisters at the Vénard College, where Fr. Byrne once ruled the roost, heard, through some channel or other, that the Korean Maryknoller had undesirable company. We have not learned that the expected ammunition arrived, but the Sisters have received this letter of acknowledgment:

DEAR SISTERS:

Everyone here except the bugs thanks you most heartily for the powder. We have a man stationed at the post office, mounted on Paul Revere's horse, waiting to rush it to us the minute it arrives, while the cops have orders to clear the streets of traffic and confusion when the red flag blows three blasts from the Mayor's Office.

Fr. Cleary and I are enjoying life immensely, because we have just succeeded in kidnaping a first-class cook from a Japanese restaurant. The cook is now at my side, for I happen to be writing next the kitchen stove. This is due to the cold, which is due in turn to delay in installing our hot water heating plant. I have promised Fr. Cleary bread pudding for breakfast every day if he gets the plant in by yesterday, but he refuses to commit himself to a definite year. However, we at least have the furnace and lots of good intention; so what more is necessary?

Here I stop my letter to announce that Fr. Cleary is just performing the first operation of the Maryknoll-in-Korea hospital. He is operating on the Chinese carpenter, and if the Chi-

nese sends us a big bill for his own work, we shall send him a bigger one for Dr. Cleary's.

Frs. Morris and Lane are expected to reach here the end of next week, and we are getting the ice cream freezer ready for them. There will be a big reunion, no doubt, and we shall all go on a great skate—the river is so close—and it is a good way to raise an appetite, an excellent thing when one has an excellent cook.



TWO PATS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

Laddie's greetings were hilariously received, and in turn I wish you would give him a ham bone from me.

Best wishes to all the Sisters, and may they all come to Korea QUICK!

THE first Maryknoller to be added to Fr. Byrne's staff was Fr. Patrick H. Cleary, an alumnus of Rochester Seminary, and a native of Ithaca, New York.

Fr. Cleary writes briefly from a region across which blow Siberian winds:

Things along the Yalu are fine, though coming slowly, of course. The Korean priest here is a splendid type and we are learning many things from him daily. We have been harking

Get into your Mite Box the fruit of sacrifice and it will help the cause so much the more.

back to the good old days of manual labor at the Knoll, and we play the rôles of electrician, carpenter, plumber, steamfitter, barber, cook, and almost any other you might imagine. We've enjoyed it, too, but it surely does take time from many other things. Plans for our heating apparatus, which have held us up for the last week, arrived today from Shanghai; so we'll start in tomorrow on a regular eight-hour shift till we're able safely to defy the reputed twenty degrees below zero of this section.

We have our daily program in fair working order and thoroughly enjoy our spiritual exercises in common. This little touch of community life is a big help and seems to supply the needed bond, not only between us, but with you all at home. We even have our hymn at noon after examen and in the evening after spiritual reading together, and it seems mighty good—creates a real Maryknoll spirit here on our little compound.

We are anxiously awaiting the coming of the new missionaries and expect to have their quarters all in readiness for them. They are on the Pacific now and will be in Kobe on the twenty-third, we assume. They will indeed be welcome.



KODAK AS YOU GO.

## Along the Line.

### Maryknoll-in-Scranton.

ALTHOUGH winter has not entirely loosened its grip upon the mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania, the "yonge sonne," of which Chaucer sang long ago, is making his influence felt; and every now and then there comes a day of warmth and sunshine which makes us feel that spring is just around the corner waiting for a chance to show her smiling face.

And when spring does come here, she comes fast. Such hustle and bustle as there is from then on! Our growing season is short, and land must be made ready so the crops can be put in at the earliest moment, roads need constant attention to offset the damage done by frost and freshet, and, in general, manual labor squads are kept busily at work.

And you would be surprised to know how many tools it takes to keep all busy. Most of these we have on hand have reached the stage where "honorable retirement" should be their portion. There is a limit to the number of times a pick may be ground down, and, even with the efforts of our mechanics, hoes and rakes will get to the point where they are no longer useful. Our shovels are mostly of a "collapsible, folding" variety unknown to commerce, and while highly entertaining, since no one knows just what they are going to do next, they are of little value as real tools. We need just about a dozen of each article, and they should be purchased at once. The procurator asks, "With what?" That, dear reader, is for you to say.

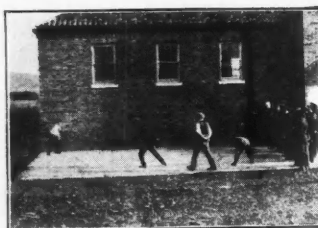
The Vénard proved a popular place during the Christmas holidays, as about a quarter of our whole student body remained over with us and enjoyed the relaxation of vacation time. The regular religious exercises and manual labor kept our youthful aspirants from getting too far out of routine, while the ice and snow afforded abundant opportunity for outdoor sports in the free time. All, both those who stayed and those who went home, were ready, however, for the resumption of school days and are now hard at work in the midst of the second term.

Thus do the years go by, and before one knows it, one hears the words, "Maryknoll next year;" and another milestone on the road to the missions is passed. Aiding us to make the most of these years, the prayers of our friends are of prime importance, and we wish to thank them thus publicly for the thousands of supplications and good works they have offered, at the same time beseeching them to continue their efforts in our behalf. We assure them that they will not be forgotten here or hereafter.



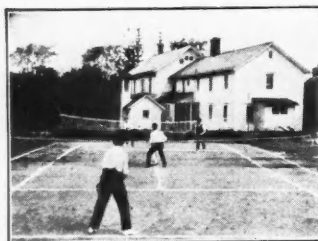
WHEN THE ROADS ARE FROZEN.

A series of debates covering a number of current and perennially interesting topics has been arranged for the remainder of the scholastic year. These are conducted entirely by the students, both debaters and judges being from among the student body. The occasions serve as a great stimulus to reading and research, and to the development of the ability to think clearly and rapidly—very essential qualities in a missionary.



BETTER THIS KIND THAN NONE AT ALL.

Visitors to the Vénard will remember the rather unsightly swamp which lay alongside the main road to the college building. The land seemed almost useless, as it lay in such a position that satisfactory drainage was out of the question, and it could not be used for crops. This winter the problem has been solved. The engineering skill and work of faithful manual labor squads have caused a dam to be built across the outlet to the swamp, and the whole is now turned into a good-sized lake, on whose smooth surface skaters have



VISIONS OF SPRING.

enjoyed themselves during the winter recreations. This lake does not do away with our ice pond, which is farther down, but it enables the students to continue their ice sports while ice-harvesting is going on. Later on we may have some boats and take our friends "sight-seeing," or run a "ferry" for those who take the old short cut to Clark's Summit.

### Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles.

THE diary from Los Angeles was held up last December, but no one was hurt. We have extracted the few bits that follow:

Mr. Kishi, Japanese consul, made his first visit to the school. He was impressed by what he saw, and expressed satisfaction because the children are receiving Christian education. He himself is a Christian, but we have not learned to what denomination he belongs. Mr. Shibasaki, vice consul, accompanied him.

The press announced in big headlines that the United States Supreme Court upholds the California and Washington laws which deny Japanese, Chinese, and Malays the right to own or lease lands in these States. The poor Japanese are hard hit by these laws, proposed by petty politicians who are capitalizing on the hostile legislation. Surely there is little prospect of converting these people when they see what the Christians are doing to them.

Father Superior arrived early in the morning and came to 426 for Mass. After breakfast he called on the Sisters, and we had the pleasure of hearing news of all Maryknolls.

Father Superior gave the meditation to the Sisters and Brothers over at the convent chapel. Afterwards he spoke with some of the congregation and exchanged greetings. Present at Mass was Miss Martha Anderson, born in Japan, of American and Japanese parents. She is just from Yokohama, where she experienced, on September 1, the unpleasant sensation of being buried for three hours under the ruins of the Sisters' orphanage, which was destroyed by the earthquake, causing the death of several Sisters and children.

After long waiting, the new school bus, decided on by Fr. Kress just before he went to San Francisco, arrived, and was blessed by the Superior. The bus is very attractive, with steel body, latest model of Reo chassis, done in olive enamel, nicely upholstered longitudinal seats, cross seats down the center, and, on the sides, in gold letters, are the words MARYKNOLL SCHOOL.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

The Superior and Sister V. looked over the Home ground, considering a probable and necessary extension for dormitory and recreation space, both of which may be obtained by adding two stories to the garage. Later, the Superior, accompanied by Fr. Swift, went to Calvary cemetery to purchase or get an option on two lots for the respective communities.

At half-past ten he was the guest of the school children, who pleased him, for they evidenced the splendid work done by the Sisters. In the evening there was a reception at the Home.

### Maryknoll-in-Seattle

The only Maryknoll departure from Seattle chronicled for the month of December took place at midnight, December 31, when Old Father Time quietly slipped away just as little New Year bowed to 1924.

On the Sunday previous to Christmas, the Japanese children, many with their parents, gathered about the huge Christmas tree in the Kindergarten, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion.

The children furnished a very enjoyable entertainment of songs and games. Ice cream and cake were served by the Japanese ladies, and "Papa" Omizu made a jolly old Santa Claus. He distributed toys and candies to the delight of all the little ones, who went home, happy and satisfied with the Maryknoll Christmas party.

The success of this little affair was due, in great measure, to the parents of our Kindergarten children, who subscribed about \$75 towards the purchase of toys and refreshments. The Knights of Columbus furnished the tree, plus a check for \$50. The Maryknoll Circle supplied over a hundred Christmas stockings well filled with candy and nuts. Other friends were generous and thoughtful.

The Sisters were happy in the anticipation and final realization of the Midnight Mass (Missa Cantata) celebrated in our own little chapel by Fr. Walker. It was the keynote of Christmas joy.

Fr. Walker celebrated his third Mass, for our Japanese children and their parents, at ten o'clock, in the Kindergarten. There was quite a large attendance of Japanese (pagans) who remained devout and attentive until the final prayers were said. The altar on which the Holy Sacrifice was offered was the handiwork of Bro. Martin.

Fr. Wachter, a Mill Hill priest, who has just arrived in Seattle from Borneo, and who visited Maryknoll-in-China, called several times, and gave us welcome news of our missionaries and a very interesting talk on his beloved Borneo mission.



AN AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP CLASS CONDUCTED BY MARYKNOLLERS.

### Our Foreign Correspondent.

**SUNRISE**, a modest four page monthly from the Catholic University of Japan, makes a special appeal in a recent issue for restoration aid. The editor admits that for a while he was tempted to change the name of his paper to *Sunset*.

Maryknoll-in-Fachow is one of the latest—a cession of territory in West Kwangtung—offered to the American Foreign Missioners by their devoted friend, Bishop Gauthier.

Fachow is near the coast and will make a desirable link in the chain of Maryknoll Missions.

At a great book sale which is conducted annually at Tokyo, 500,000 volumes were sold. The most eagerly sought after books were such as treated of religion and philosophy. This is a hopeful sign in a land that has been tending ever more and more to materialism.

Japanese students get frisky, at times. Recently we heard that they administered a drubbing to the President of a Buddhist University—which action landed thirty of them in jail—also that the daily papers frequently register a school strike occasioned by the dismissal of some teacher or pupil.

A few weeks before the earthquake in Japan, a young Brother of Mary, Brother Ferdinand Sauer, called at the Knoll to say good-bye to his sister, a novice. He was on his way to the Japan mission, and happy in anticipation. We wondered how he fared, and later learned that, at the time, he was on the train between Tokyo and Nagasaki. A close call; and he and his friends are grateful.

*Spend wisely, spend well.*

From Tokyo rebuilding, comes a message written by Fr. Mark McNeal, S. J., of the Catholic University in that city:

It was a terrible blow to all the missions here; a setback of about twenty-five years, unless they can get help from the International Christmas Tree—i. e. good old U. S. A. Five churches wiped out, with everything connected; two convents, ditto; two more badly shaken; and the Marianists and ourselves severely crippled. But no time is being lost in whimpering. It would do your heart good to see the way everyone is getting to work and patching things together; and the people and students coming back to church and school. Teaching is going on in tents or makeshift classrooms, and all of us have some refugees on our grounds. Seventy-five thousand people are camping out, and twice as many more must be in the houses of friends. Five hundred are sleeping in the open. It is raw and gusty now and will be till April, with snow and ice in December, January, and February.

Congratulations on the Korean Number of *THE FIELD AFAR*.

TO HELP A MISSIONER IS TO SHARE HIS REWARD.

### The Dream of a Missioner.

FATHER BOWEN was ready to be convinced that, as a missioner, he had been a failure. Ten years ago he had come to China, full of zeal and enthusiasm. He had applied himself diligently to the study of the language, realizing that, without a good grasp of it, his power would be very much curtailed. His first three years had been spent with an older man; then he had been appointed to the new district of Tungkwun, where there were scarcely a hundred poorly instructed Christians.

And now, as he sat at his desk on the seventh anniversary of his appointment, he could not keep his mind on his breviary, but kept going back over those seven years and asking himself what had been wrong. The missioner with whom he had been placed upon his arrival, had been counted successful, and Father Bowen had tried to follow in his footsteps. Whatever repugnance and distaste he experienced at first had long since been conquered, and he felt sure that he had succeeded fairly well in making himself all things to all.

He had been as generous to the poor as his means allowed; he had done his best to instruct the people; and he had treated a great many cases in his little dispensary. He felt that the people loved him, for he had often seen the faces of the Christians light up as he approached, and the children never failed to crowd around him and ask for stories whenever he was near. Yet he was not satisfied. Why had he been able to baptize only a paltry ten or twenty a year? Others had counted the yearly increase of their flocks by the hundred—why not he?

His rosary and night prayers had been said in the little chapel, under the red lamp, and now, before preparing to retire, he knelt for a few moments, as was his custom, by his bedside, and made a complete offering of himself. He felt better as he arose, but his thoughts were still occupied by the question that had been troubling him, as he composed himself for sleep.

Suddenly he seemed to see a picture passing before his eyes, in which were traced the feelings toward him and the

Church of all the people of his district, Christian and pagan, during the seven years of his incumbency. He saw them on his arrival—the Christians cold, the pagans indifferent or hostile. He saw the Christians, as a result of his visits and preaching, grow kindlier and their faith stronger. Several families that he had helped when they were almost starving extolled his goodness and spoke of the beauties of the Catholic Faith to their friends and relatives. He saw Christian children growing up, well instructed and good examples to their neighbors, and he knew that later when the pagans became less hostile, they would speak much more openly of our Holy Faith.

Pagans whom he had treated at the dispensary and to whom he had spoken were gradually transformed in their opinion of him. He found that they had been discussing him and that great numbers were now saying openly what they would either not have wished or dared to say before, that the Father was a good man and that there must be something good in the religion which he preached. It had not yet occurred to most of them that the foreign religion might be better than their own, but Father Bowen had to admit to himself that he had done some good after all.

The picture was still further un-

rolled and he saw many of the pagans become even better disposed, so that they discussed in their families whether it would not be a good thing to place themselves under instruction. He was even given to see that in the not far distant future a large number would enter the Church.

Father Bowen awoke the next morning feeling very happy. After his thanksgiving, with a song in his heart, he left the chapel, but was met by the boy with a letter. It came from his superior, appointing him to another new mission still farther in the interior. For a moment he was stunned. The consolation that had been so long denied him had seemed within his reach; his dream had been so vivid.

But it had given him a new light, also, and it was with peace in his heart that he wrote his ready acceptance of what promised to be merely a repetition of the past seven years.

His successor at Tungkwun soon baptized many pagans, and people praised him as a successful missioner. Father Bowen had known that it would be so, but there was no envy in his heart, only a great happiness that at last so many had been regenerated in the waters of Baptism. For he had never sought external glory, but, being human, his soul had longed, on that anniversary, for some consolation. It



*He saw them on his arrival—the Christians cold, the pagans indifferent.*

MORE THAN HALF A MILLION PEOPLE



had not been given him to gather the fruits of his labors; nevertheless, in his dream that memorable night, he had learned the great lesson—that no effort for God is lost, though it may seem so for a time, and that only His all-embracing vision can see what will be its effect for time and for eternity.

### Awaiting Donors.

#### For Maryknoll Center

*Altar*—Mass-kits for missionaries, reversible vestments for Mass-kits, deacon's stoles (white), Solemn High Mass Sets of vestments, dalmatics and tunics (all colors), four red copes, humeral veils, a red humeral veil, candlesticks, candelabra, small cruets, thuribles.

*Clothing*—cassocks, surplices, birettas, overcoats, raincoats, kakhi garments, trousers.

*Furnishings*—rugs, tables, screens; for the office: typewriters (Underwood No. 5), typewriter stands, typewriter desks, a long carriage typewriter, electric desk lamps.

*Library*—dictionaries, Catholic encyclopedias, breviaries (1912 or later edition), works of St. Thomas, histories of the Church (extending to the present time), histories of the Church in America, handbook commentaries on the Scriptures, ascetical works in English, lives of saints.

*Manual Labor*—carpenters', plumbers', electricians' and mechanics' tools, hardware, photographic supplies, picks, shovels, spades, hoes, wooden and iron rakes.

*Recreation*—a handball court, ice skates, tennis nets, radio set with loud speaker, portable motion picture machine, soccer balls, quoits, gymnasium equipment, piano, victrola, musical instruments for orchestral work.

*Farm*—thoroughbred Holstein cows, grain drill, one and two horse cultivators, incubators, heavy and light harness for single horse and team, scythes, milk pails and cans.

*Kitchen*—cups, saucers, spoons, water pitchers, milk pitchers, table cloths, gravy boats, napkins.

#### For the Preparatory College

*Altar*—a green cope.

*Outdoors*—bell, statue of the Virgin.

#### For the Pacific Coast

Statues of St. Joseph and the Virgin.

#### For China

*Dispensary*—gauze, adhesive plaster, bedding (blankets, sheets, pillowcases).

*Library*—recent books on mission topics, spiritual books.

*Church and School*—a bell with tolling arrangement (between 200 and 250 pounds weight) for Fr. Paschang's church and school.

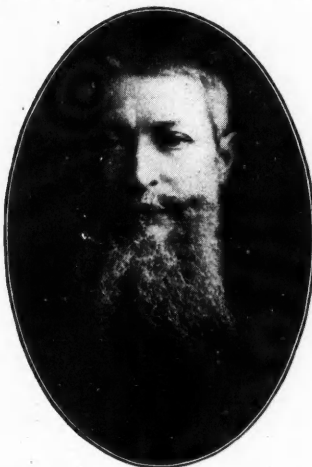
#### For Korea

Stringless gifts for Fr. Byrne.

## The Japanese Disaster.

**B**ISHOP BERLIOZ, that most edifying prelate who came to America last year to find means to rebuild his burned cathedral (the amount needed was about \$25,000) reminds us of Job.

And we have a feeling that some day, even before he closes



HE PERISHED IN THE EARTHQUAKE.  
*Father de Noailles, procurator of the diocese of Hakodate.*

his eyes on this earth, he will find himself free from his miseries.

The bishop had hardly landed in Japan when the earthquake took place, and his procurator in Yokohama, with all his records, perished.

The bishop writes:

All that remained of our dear Fr. de Noailles was a handful of ashes. We shall suffer far more from the destruction of our Procure than we suffered when our cathedral at Hakodate was twice destroyed by fire.

The banks continue to leave us high and dry, though they are not shy of promises. The "Hongkong and Shanghai B. C." claims that its report for the month of August was lost. It uses this as a pretext for not telling us what our balance is. This must be a way of delaying payment. The same bank does not send me any statement of the money deposited by Fr. de Noailles in our savings account. I wrote that all his papers had been destroyed, but there has been no reply.

But those who serve God out of love readily find consolations, and, although the letter is per-

### THE ANNUNCIATION.

"Hail, Mary, full of grace," the Angel saith.

Our Lady bows her head, and is ashamed;

She has a Bridegroom Who may not be named,

Her mortal flesh bears Him Who conquers death.

Now in the dust her spirit groveleth; Too bright a Sun before her eyes has flamed,

Too fair a herald joy too high proclaimed,

And human lips have trembled in God's breath.

O Mother-Maid, thou art ashamed to cover

With thy white self, whereon no stain can be,

Thy God, Who came from heaven to be thy Lover,

Thy God, Who came from heaven to dwell in thee.

About thy head celestial legions hover, Chanting the praise of thy humility.

JOYCE KILMER.

sonal, we do not hesitate to quote from it:

My heart overflows with gratitude towards God. Three times, in immediate succession, His bounty has unexpectedly supplied me with the sum necessary for the monthly support of our missionaries, \$550. What touches me the most is the generous compassion of one of our Vicars Apostolic of Manchuria, Bishop Blois. He is very poor himself, but he had a collection taken up for us in his mission. The money reached me just when Fr. Jacquet and I were saying to each other: "Where will the money for the missionaries' support during November come from?" The money for December has come to us in the same Providential manner. We may say of daily bread which has come to us thus, that it contains "omne delectamentum," even if it is watered with our tears.

Our cathedral is nearly finished. We have not the furnishings, as yet; but they will come, in due season, and a bell too.

**The Maryknoll Procure in New York City is at 410 East 57th Street. A representative of the Society is always on hand to receive subscriptions or renewals, and to answer questions regarding our work.**

## Interesting Facts.



A TWO-SIDED CHINESE ARGUMENT.

The visitors are Francis X. Tsu, of Dayton University, and George Chao, of Notre Dame—among the as-yet-too-few Chinese students in America.

WE acknowledge gratefully the kindly tribute paid to Maryknoll by the Rev. John Emonts, S.C.J., in an article that appeared in a recent issue of *Die Katholischen Missionen*.

The Rev. Herman Gabel has been appointed by Bishop Stritch as Director of Mission-aid in the Diocese of Toledo.

Adults and school children will be organized, and foreign missions will not be overlooked.

It looks as if the Mite Box has come to stay. It has Episcopal "approval." At least we know of one Bishop who keeps half a dozen of the open-mouthed little beggars on his mantel. They are all from different organizations, but he has no favorites.

While on this subject, it is worth while to train the youngsters in your house to share their spending money with the family Mite Box, or with their own.

There is a growing list of Catholic Chinese students in America and we are very glad to record the

fact. They are, of course, as yet only a couple of handfuls, but that is ten times more than there were a few short years ago. These young men, and a bright lot they are, like to get an occasional glimpse of Maryknoll, so as to meet some of their own kind, some more of the other kind—and themselves as well.

Maryknoll Missioners in China are now covering a district from which came the large percentage of Chinese laundrymen and restaurant keepers in this country and Canada. Keep this fact in mind, and, if you are acquainted with Jim Lee, ask for his Chinese visiting card; or, at least have him write on some firecracker paper his name and old country address.

Send this with your name and address to Maryknoll, N. Y.

We have watched for some months, now, the Students' Crusade organ, *The Shield*, in its new form as a semimonthly newspaper. Through it, the leaders at the Crusade Castle are evidently touching a major need. There is strength in federation, but college mission societies must sense this federation constantly to profit by it. If they hear frequently of college mission doings from coast to coast and find their own name in print, grouped with the top notch schools of the college world, the feeling of "aloneness" goes. Mission activity becomes the order of the day, with the heap of good results to the students, to the colleges, to Catholic life in general, and to the missions.

*The Shield* gives evidence of capable editing. The headquarters' staff aims to give Crusaders the best. God will continue to bless work of such promise.

**Dear Maryknoll:**

***I have no one dependent on me and am living on a small income derived from some bonds and sundry savings bank deposits, also a pension. When I go the pension will stop, but I wish the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America to get the rest of the income, without the shadow of a doubt. What is your annuity idea?***

***Answer: Give bonds and deposits to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society which will bind itself to remit to you, every six months, fully as much as you now receive, and probably more.***

ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS PAPER ARE RELIABLE.



## The Circles' Corner

THE Spiritual Director of a budding Circle writes:

"Some weeks ago we established in our parish a Maryknoll Missionary Circle. Today a committee of our young ladies took to your Seminary a heavy load of supplies, and, in order that you may know we have begun in earnest, I am enclosing herewith a check for one hundred fifty-six dollars. We wish you all the blessings of the season."—St. Peter's Circle, New York, N. Y.

### INKLINGS FROM THE FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES.

Enclosed find \$30 towards the support of our catechist—*Pittston Vénard Circle, Pa.*

I am sending a check for \$25, a gift from the Newman Club, for work in your foreign missions.—*Ithaca, New York.*

This box of bandages I hope you will find satisfactory. The \$27 enclosed is from our Gemma Galgani Circle.—*Spencer, Mass.*

Last month we held a Card Party at the Day Nursery. The proceeds were \$75, a start for our student fund for the year.—*Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Circle, Holyoke, Mass.*

Our Club gives this \$5 for bricks for the Vénard College. We are also shipping a box for the kindergarten children and one for Bro. John's poor sick people.—*The Little Flower of Jesus Circle, Irvington, N. J.*

At our last meeting each member brought a spool of thread; at the next, each expects to bring a silver spoon. Our Movie Benefit, last week, brought us about \$60.—*Maryknoll Mission Circle, Milwaukee, Wis.*

The members of the St. Francis of Assisi Circle send the enclosed money order for \$15.65—the result of pennies dropped into the Mite Box. It is a stringless gift and we hope to make it a larger sum next time.—*San Francisco, Cal.*

The Penny Girls of the H. K. H. take great pleasure in forwarding to you a money order for \$25, the result

of saving our pennies. We should like you to send the same to Bro. John in China to help him in his great work there.—*Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.*

In looking over the Maryknoll magazine, I noticed a request for roller towels; so I had a "shower" and am sending, today, thirty-four roller towels, six dish towels, and six handkerchiefs. Next week two neighbors are going to have a miscellaneous shower for the missions.—*Wakefield, Mass.*

We sent by parcel post two packages—one containing material and some bandages; the other, clothing. Our Circle plans to give a "party" for Maryknoll soon. What do you think of a "Medical Party"? We think there must be an endless number of medical supplies that could be used in China.—*Little Flower Circle, Summit, N. J.*



WHAT CIRCLES SENT BY ST. NICHOLAS FOR MARYKNOLL STUDENTS AND AUXILIARIES.

### OUR LATEST RECRUITS.

Mission Circle, Belleville, N. J.; Little Flower Circle, New Haven, Conn.; Mission Pep Club, Troy, N. Y.; Stella Maryknoll Circle, N. Y. C.; St. Fachtina Circle, Boston, Mass.; The Harvesters, Chicago, Ill.

A generous gift of \$50 was received from the members of the St. Catherine Circle, Irvington, N. Y.

Through the generosity of the members of the Mary Carroll Guild, of New York City, Fr. Ford's boys in Yeungkong, China, are rejoicing in the possession of one hundred college caps made by these friends. Since all colors were represented, the basketball court will look like a rainbow.

### Lenten Suggestions.

#### Prayer—Sacrifice—Almsgiving

After circling the beads, go back to the Cross with an Our Father, three Hail Marys, and the Gloria, and offer these for the Missions.

Gift-boxes which contained an assortment of household and personal needs, were received from the following Circles: Maryknoll Mission Circle, Belleville, N. J.; Rev. Henry McGlinchy Circle, Somerville, Mass.; Bernadette Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Peter's Circle, New York, N. Y.; Stella Maryknoll Circle, New York, N. Y.; Star of the Sea Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Bernard Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Court St. Francis Circle, Greenwich, Conn.; Prospect Circle,

Waltham, Mass.; Court Liberty Circle, New York, N. Y.; St. Joseph Circle, New York, N. Y.; Court Ave Maria Circle, New York, N. Y.; St. Fachtina Circle, Boston, Mass.; Mary Immaculate Circle, Kingston, N. Y.; Our Lady of the Maryknolls Circle, New York, N. Y.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help Circle, Buffalo, N. Y.; Fordham Maryknoll Circle, New York, N. Y.; Our Lady of Lourdes Mission Club, Buffalo, N. Y.; Sacred Heart Circle, Lawrence, Mass.

We are very grateful for the splendid returns that the "Red Stockings" brought to the Little King.

**Have You a Little Lenten Bag in Your Home? No? Send for One!**

LET OUR ADVERTISERS KNOW THAT WE ARE WORTH WHILE.

## Good Friends and True.



OUT OF LUCK AND  
HIS FACE FREEZING.

TO many friends of Maryknoll we are indebted for aid, great and small. It is the many mite offerings that largely sustain Maryknoll and its missions, but recently we have received some more considerable gifts.

### STRINGLESS GIFTS—

In Stringless offerings, Massachusetts leads with \$1,000 and several gifts of \$100 each. Then comes Missouri with \$500, and New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Iowa, and New York with several gifts of \$100.

### STUDENT AID—

Minnesota is "fore" again this month with a gift of \$1,100 towards Student-aid. New York and Massachusetts sent \$100 offerings for the same purpose, with Pennsylvania doing likewise.

### FOR MISSIONS AND MISSIONERS—

For chapels in China, and for mission locations, we record the following gifts:

\$100 each from Paris, France; Bronx, N. Y.; Fenway, Roxbury, and Graniteville, Mass.; Detroit, Mich.; and \$350 from New Jersey.

For the Maryknoll Sisters in China, and also for Bro. John's work, came some gifts.

### WILLS—

We have been notified that the following wills have matured in favor of our work: Rev. Lawrence Fuchs, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1,000; Michael Ryan, Dubuque, Iowa, \$700; Mary Burke, Boston, Mass., \$700; and Sarah Moran,

Ossining, N. Y., \$100.

We have also received notice of a legacy from the estate of Matthew Raftree, of Chicago, Ill.

### OTHER NOTABLE GIFTS—

The Ossining Branch of the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion was the first Society of Women to give a Completed Burse to Maryknoll, and now this same Society comes forward with a gift towards the new Maryknoll chapel and a student's room in the Seminary. May God bless these good women!

Another joy to our heartstrings was a Mite Box from New York which yielded no less than \$100. We never thought the little fellow's appetite was so great, nor that he could so gorge himself. His demise was certainly a happy one for us.

### ANNUITIES—

An annuity of \$1,000 came to us recently from the vale of Avoca, Pa. Lest you should not be acquainted with the annuity plan, and it is a good one, here it is:

You give us a sum of money, now!

We agree to pay you interest on that sum while you live.

In this way much trouble is avoided.

GIFTS and subscriptions to the Maryknoll publications, *THE FIELD AFAR* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, have been gratefully received, during the past month, from:

Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Canada, Canal Zone, China, Cuba, England, France, Ireland, Italy, Hawaii, Japan.

**RENEW! RENEW! RENEW!**

More than once we have noted the fact that Maryknoll—and for that matter, all similar works in this country—can exhibit in its historical records few evidences of interest manifested by prominent American Catholics.

A noteworthy exception to this established fact is a certain retiring Catholic whose influence is nation-wide, although his name is little known.

Three times—habitually at the opening of a New Year—this friend of many has filled a blank check with generous figures, signed it, and made of it a Stringless Gift to Maryknoll.

This truly Catholic man would not be known, but we dare quote these words from his letter:

*I send it with thanks to our Heavenly Father that I can help this much in furthering His work.*

The late Father Patrick J. Hally, of Lowell, Mass., was one of Maryknoll's earliest patrons. Always the priest, with an apostolic heart, Father Hally welcomed with "Nunc Dimittis" the establishment in this country of a National Seminary for Foreign Missions.

To him we owe the establishment of the Cheverus Centennial School Burse, which was completed by his successor, also the Hall-Prendergast Missionary Fund, which will be shared with specified home missions.

We urge our friends to pray for Father Hally's soul.

Thirty-five hundred stencils were made for new subscribers last month and we hope that our recorders were able to leave yours in its place.

The new friends came from twenty-five different States and seven countries.

### Pray for these souls:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edwin M. Sweeney, Rev. Patrick J. Hally, Rev. Raymond Mylott, Honora Kinsella Brennan, Mrs. Margaret E. Collins, John J. Hickey, Mrs. Katherine A. Coney, Thomas J. Dorian, Mrs. Artimise Cruson, Mrs. Elenore De Faut, Mrs. Mary C. Meyer, Mrs. Anastasia Cashin.

JOIN MARYKNOLL CIRCLES' CRUSADE OF PRAYER



## NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

**Living:**—Rev. Friends, 6; Sr. M. I.; Sr. M. E.; Sr. M. I.; Sr. M. E.; Sr. M. B.; J. M.; M. J. C.; J. McC.; T. A. S.; M. Q.; Mrs. E. C.; M. C. K.; J. P. G.; M. K.; C. M.; E. J. B.; E. T. McW.; H. C. N.; H. F. N.; H. R. N.; D. A. N.; D. E.; C. R.; J. S.; A. C. W.; T. P. K.; M. C. S.; C. McG.; T. S.; Mr. C. S.; Mrs. C. S.; M. L. M.; M. S.; Mrs. F. M.; M. T. M.; P. C.; Mrs. J. F. B.; J. J. P.; K. T. P.; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. C.; R. L. F.; C. R. C.; T. McC.; M. McC.

**Deceased:**—Bridget McCabe; James Burns; Margaret J. Naylor; Elizabeth M. Lager; Sarah McK. Halpin; Daniel Halpin; Mary C. Ahern; Daniel W. Ahern; Michael J. Barry; Michael Rickert; John J. Ryan; Thomas J. Moran; McGorray family; Michael J. and Catharine Considine; Timothy B. Murphy; Catherine Walsh.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

**Rocky Mountain Sheep; Our Lady's Mary.** By Mary Agatha Gray. International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**The Holy Life of Anna Catherine Emmerich** (printed in English and in German). Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo. \$0.10; \$6 per hundred.

**Out of Many Hearts.** (Thoughts on the Religious Vocation). The Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana.

**Eastern Catholics.** By W. L. Scott, K.C. Catholic Truth Society of Canada, 67 Bond St., Toronto. \$0.10 per copy; \$7 per hundred.

## The Completed Diocesan Burses are:

St. Paul Archdiocese Burse.....	\$6,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each.....	15,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	5,000

## NATIVE CLERGY BURSES.

Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,000.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	601.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	300.60
Our Lady of Seven Dolors Burse (In memory of Rev. Daniel J. Holland, C. S. S. R.).....	100.04

## NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Youngkong Fund, II.....	1,826.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	11,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.00
Bl. Julie Billiart Fund.....	360.00
Holy Spirit Burse.....	800.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

Two of our five thousand dollar completed Burses, *St. Margaret of Scotland* and *Thanksgiving Number One*, have been raised to six thousand. These generous additions will yield an annual income that in the high-cost-of-living days is especially welcome.

We are pleased to announce, also, the completion of the Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.

O Say! How delightfully encouraging it is to learn from the propaganda department that during the past month three thousand new names have gone into the stencil cabinets; and

Ah! Me! How it jars to pass a desk piled with other stencils that have been withdrawn, because our friends "put off renewing!"

Thousands come and thousands go, but THE FIELD AFAR smiles through losses, as well as gains.

## Maryknoll-at-Home

- \$25,000** for the Library of New Seminary.  
**\$12,000** for the Kitchen of New Seminary.  
**\$10,000** for the Refectory of New Seminary.  
**\$ 6,000** for a Student Burse including personal needs.  
**\$ 6,000** for a Classroom in the New Seminary.  
**\$ 5,000** for a Student Burse.  
**\$ 1,000** for the Infirmary in New Seminary.  
**\$ 1,000** for a Private Chapel in New Seminary.  
**\$ 800** for a Faculty Room in New Seminary.  
**\$ 500** for a Student's Room in New Seminary.  
**\$ 50** will secure for you Perpetual Membership in C. F. M. S., and THE FIELD AFAR for life.  
**\$ 5** will lay a stone in the New Seminary.  
**\$ 5** will bring you THE FIELD AFAR for 6 years.  
**\$ 1** will secure for you yearly membership in C. F. M. S. with THE FIELD AFAR; it will buy 100 feet of Maryknoll land, or a Maryknoll Chi Rho pin, or a Maryknoll dollar book.  
**\$ .50** will obtain for you the spiritual advantages of a yearly membership in C. F. M. S., or THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR for one year.

## STUDENT BURSES.

A Burse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar burses.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

## FOR OUR SEMINARY.

St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	\$4,766.50
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse	
No. 2.....	4,573.18
The Most Precious Blood Burse.....	4,245.11
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.....	4,050.00
All Souls Burse.....	4,019.41
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved).....	4,000.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	3,846.99
Cure of Ars Burse.....	3,590.20
St. Anthony Burse.....	3,435.06
Trinity Wekanduit Burse.....	3,298.53
St. Anne Burse.....	3,241.50
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Sister Mary Pauline Memorial (St. Elizabeth Academy) Burse.....	2,763.50
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	2,637.21
St. Philomena Burse.....	2,605.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse.....	2,500.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse.....	2,443.80
St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston Burse.....	2,222.76
Father Chapon Burse.....	2,173.50
College of St. Elizabeth Burse.....	2,105.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,071.89
Marywood College Burse.....	2,032.10
College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse.....	2,000.00
St. Michael Burse No. 2.....	2,000.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	1,898.05
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,897.60
Mother Seton Burse.....	1,860.58
Pius X Burse.....	1,735.00
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,734.07
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,561.98
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	1,411.70
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,357.75
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	1,161.23
Omnia per Mariam Burse.....	1,115.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	980.76
St. John Baptist Burse.....	948.11
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	710.65
St. Rita Burse.....	697.15
St. Lawrence Burse.....	646.25
St. Michael Burse.....	641.50
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	613.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	508.03
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	424.01
St. Bridget Burse.....	340.00
Holy Family Burse.....	339.00
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	334.00
Children of Mary Burse.....	284.05
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	253.86
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	228.50
St. Boniface Burse.....	217.40
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	200.00
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	189.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	170.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
All Saints Burse.....	139.28
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	138.50
St. Jude Burse.....	131.00
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	101.00
St. Joseph Burse No. 2.....	100.00

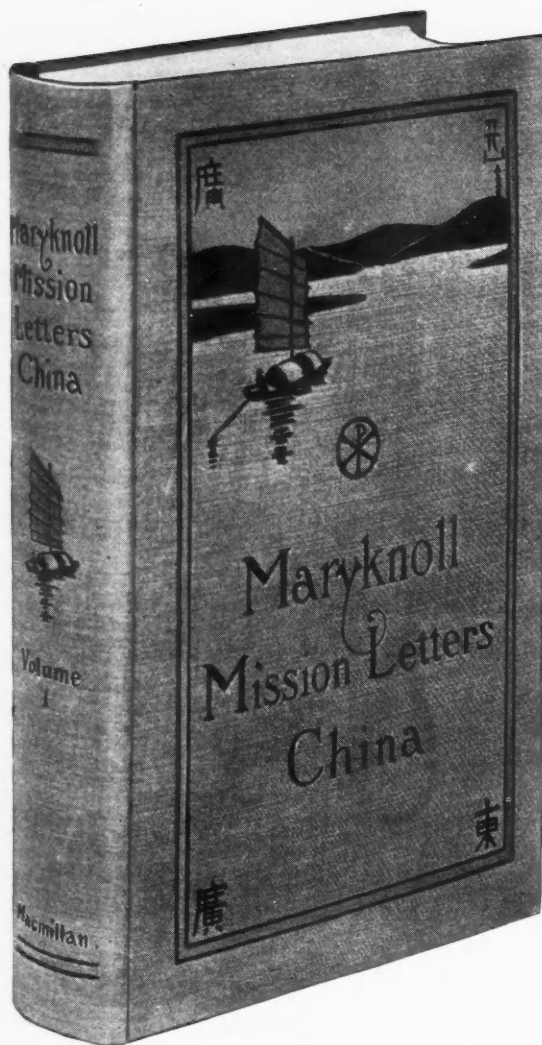
## FOR OUR COLLEGE.

Little Flower Burse.....	\$4,353.45
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	4,001.19
Anonymous Diocese Burse.....	3,000.00
Holy Eucharist Burse (Reserved).....	2,100.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,608.80
"C" Burse II.....	1,500.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	647.50
St. Michael Burse.....	632.32
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	106.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	106.00

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A MASS EACH MONTH FOR OUR MISSIONERS.

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I am acquainted with some of these Letters and find them wonderfully interesting, for the spiritual history they reveal and for the charming simplicity of detail, humor, and contentment under what we all know is slow martyrdom. At my leisure I shall peruse every chapter.

✠ J. M. Gannon,  
*Bishop of Erie.*

It was a happy thought to make a delightful volume of these Mission Letters, and I hope that other volumes will follow from time to time. The mission letter for the home folks has been for centuries one of the principal means at the disposal of the missionaries for the awakening of interest and the necessary support of the devoted toilers in these remote fields of Christian thought and life. The make-up of the volume is admirable, and I am sure it will win praise from the many readers it is bound to have.

✠ Thomas J. Shahan,  
*Catholic University.*

Please accept my congratulations on the interesting and valuable Maryknoll Mission Letters. Not only are these letters of interest to us, who are acquainted with the writers; but, as the years go by and China undergoes the tremendous upheaval, political, social, and moral, which has already begun, they will be of immense historical value. One or two hundred years from now, students may refer to these letters for the inner history of the "vie intime" of the Chinese people in the first half of the twentieth century. They will also be "Lettres Edifiantes" to students of Chinese history.

✠ M. J. Hoban,  
*Bishop of Scranton.*

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